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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 545
A POLICEMAN'S MANDATE 547
ALTERNATIVE TO REARMAMENT. By Jonathan Griffin 549
THE PROBLEM OF COLONIAL EMPIRE.—II . . 550
A LONDON DIARY 551
THIS ENGLAND 552
TALL MEN. By Y. Y.. 553
CORRESPONDENCE 554
From Lt.-Commander E. P. Young; John Strachey; Robin Jardine; M. R. Masani; L. J. Cadbury; Margery Fry; E. S. Watkins; Edwyn Bevan.
THE NEXT WAR. By Osbert Sitwell . . . 557
CINEMA CLASSICS. By John Marks 557
TWO EXHIBITIONS. By Clive Bell 558
PLAYS AND PICTURES 559
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . Page 560
REVIEWS:
An American Statesman. By Negley Farson . 561
Two Anglo-Catholics. By Raymond Mortimer . 561
A Great American Thinker. By J. A. Hobson . 564
Gentlemen *v.* Players. By K. John . . . 564
The Lawyer in Politics. By H. J. Laski . . 568
Complexity. By G. W. Stonier 568
New Novels. By Peter Quennell 570
SHORTER NOTICE 572
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West . 572
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 575
CROSSWORD 578
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Toreador . . . 580

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

AFTER a few days devoted mainly to discussion of the past and present foreign policies of the Government, Parliament will be dissolved and a General Election be announced in all probability for the middle of November. The Government relies on the embarrassment of the Opposition Parties, which accept its present sanctions policy and which will certainly find some difficulty in "getting over" their own case in so short a time. But it may well miscalculate if it expects the electorate to think only of foreign affairs, and Labour is certain to make very substantial gains, especially in the industrial and the distressed areas. Lord Snowden, who can be relied upon to be the most bitter critic of his last set of political friends, even prophesies that the Government will lose its majority. To us this seems extremely improbable. What we have to hope for is a powerful Opposition which will include some new blood and have the opportunity of preparing itself for office in the not very distant future.

Sanctions

The task of sanction-making at Geneva has proceeded steadily if not smoothly. It was easy enough to get agreement about the arms embargo and the withholding of all financial credits. But these things are only impressive on paper; Italy does not want, or is prepared to do without, armaments or loans from abroad. What really matters is the embargo on trade, and it is here that the French and British policies are in conflict. The prohibition of a number of "key exports" to Italy will not in all the circumstances seriously incommode her, and it is precisely on that ground that it appeals to M. Laval. The hope of effective pressure lies in a general embargo on imports from Italy, which is what Mr. Eden is pressing for. This would be, for various reasons, easier to carry out; it would have the support of home producers in the "League countries" (the French wine-growers, to take only one instance); and it should, if loyally observed by all States-members, cut off something like seventy per cent. of the Italian export trade. If the French succeed in preventing this, they will have made Article XVI of the Covenant read like the playbill of a farce.

"Conciliation" Efforts

Meanwhile M. Laval continues his desperate efforts at "conciliation"—or, in plain words, at buying Mussolini off. The "peace plan" which the *Daily Telegraph* says he put before Signor Cerutti the other day is hardly credible. Its main points were the cession to Italy of Harrar and Ogaden and the establishment of the Tigre province as an "independent" principality under Italian control. What was left of Abyssinia would be put under international (and so partly, if not predominantly, Italian) control, and the Negus would be given a lollipop in the shape of a corridor to the seaport of Zeila in British Somaliland. All this would be negotiated through the

League. It is as though the police were to say to a burglar found in *flagrante delicto*: "You can stick to all the swag you have got in the basement, and you can have a free hand upstairs too. But you must leave the old gentleman alone with his rattletraps in the attic. If you like this arrangement, Scotland Yard will fix it up for you." Whatever Mussolini might think of such a proposal, nobody can imagine that either Abyssinia or the League would look at it. It has, indeed, been denied that it was ever made. But that it should be reported seriously in a highly respectable newspaper shows what M. Laval is considered capable of, and what difficulties the defenders of the Covenant may experience from his attachment to Italy. His latest suggestion—that the British fleet in the Mediterranean should be withdrawn, or reduced, as a friendly gesture to Mussolini—has been met with a prompt and firm "No" from Downing Street.

The Progress of the War

There has been very little movement, except by reconnoitring and raiding planes, on either the northern or the southern front in Abyssinia during the past week. A palpably absurd rumour of the recapture of Adowa and the destruction of all the Italian troops in it ("Abyssinians claim a massacre," as the newspaper placards put it), was soon dispelled. General de Bono has been busy consolidating his position at Adowa, and has extended his line to the west by the occupation of Aksum. He has also received the submission of Dedjasmatch Gugsa, a son-in-law of the Negus, with a considerable force of warriors. Gugsa's treachery, galling though it may be for the Abyssinians, is not a major disaster; there is no evidence that other important chiefs are itching to follow his example. It is possible that there may be some heavy fighting before long in either sector. There are rumours of big Abyssinian armies threatening an offensive against the Italian lines in Ogaden and at Jijiga, and of others in the north. But we do not believe the Abyssinian commanders will be so imprudent as to risk a pitched battle—the most certain result of which would be a fearful slaughter, chiefly on their own side.

Canada Goes Liberal

In Canada the Liberals have almost swept the board. There will be more than four times as many Liberals as Conservatives in the new Parliament. Mr. Bennett holds his seat; but most of his colleagues have been defeated, and in the Eastern Provinces the large Conservative majority has become a tiny minority. Of the lesser parties, Social Credit has swept Alberta, where it has captured every seat but one; but elsewhere the Social Creditors have made no mark, only gathering in two seats in Saskatchewan on the Alberta border. The Co-operative Commonwealth Federation has not done so well as was expected, though it has gained some seats in British Columbia; and Mr. Stevens's Reconstruction Party have made no mark at all though Mr. Stevens has managed to hold his own seat. The result is that the Liberals will have matters all their own way in the new Parliament, their electoral success having far surpassed all the forecasts. What this will mean in practice is probably not a great deal; for the Canadian Liberals have no very clear policy apart from their opposition to Mr. Bennett and to the Left. A somewhat easier tariff policy is to be expected, involving a more favourable interpretation of the Ottawa Agreements, for which the Liberals have not much love. Otherwise not a great deal is likely to happen. What remains to be seen is whether the Conservatives will be able to re-form their shattered front and whether, under Liberal rule, the machine of the C.C.F. and Social Credit in the Western Provinces will result in the emergence of a new party powerful enough to become the alternative Government of the future.

The Stop-Underground Strike

The stop-underground strike is new to this country, though it has been used abroad—for example, last year by the Hungarian miners. Its value, as opposed to that of ordinary strike action, clearly depends on its psychological and propagandist effects. In this case, it has led to a rapid extension of the stoppage in South Wales to new pits and attracted far more public attention than an ordinary strike would have done. But the men's best propaganda was the statement issued by the management of the colliery concerned. The strikers' grievance is that the management has been trying to break the power of the Miners' Federation by deliberately bringing in, and retaining in employment, men from other areas, to the detriment of the local men, who are being refused re-employment or relegated to worse working places. The newcomers, moreover, are either non-unionists or members of the rival (and employer-supported) Miners' Industrial Union, and it appears that in some pits work is only given to men who are not members of the Miners' Federation. This sort of victimisation and replacement of old workers by what is in effect "blackleg" labour is bound to rouse high passions. The management's statement ignores this aspect of the case, and resorts to abuse of the men's attitude, roughly seasoned with words such as "Communism" and "tyranny," which display either wilful misrepresentation or crass misunderstanding of the real causes of discontent. The truce that has now been arranged with great difficulty and much official pressure settles nothing. Some of the men still refuse to come up from the pit; unless something is done to change the attitude of the mine-owners which has for so long been the curse of this country, we shall expect to see the new technique of strike used on a larger scale.

The School-leaving Age

Government spokesmen have been hinting that educational reform is to play an important part in the Conservative election campaign. There have been suggestions that the Government will offer to raise the school-leaving age if it is returned to power. One comment is that, if it is good to set about raising the age now, it would have been far better to do it some years ago, instead of upsetting all the preparations already begun by the local authorities for giving effect to the Hadow scheme. But, if we are to let bygones be bygones, a vital question remains. If the school age is to be raised, under what conditions is this to be done? Is the effect to be merely the addition of another year's attendance at the elementary school, or is a real attempt to be made to provide, in accordance with the Hadow proposals, some form of secondary education for all normal children? The first of these alternatives would arouse great social dissatisfaction, and the educational results of it would hardly be worth the cost and trouble.

We need not merely more, but also better, education in our schools, especially during early adolescence. We hope, when the Government spokesmen talk of raising the school-leaving age, they will be effectively heckled in every constituency about the real meaning of what they propose, and also about the vital question of maintenance allowances. The electors must not allow themselves to be gulled by a false programme of educational reform.

The Public Health

The Annual Report for 1934 of the Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health (*On the State of the Public Health*, H.M. Stationery Office, 3*s*.) gives some ground for satisfaction, and some for doubts and criticism. The infant mortality rate has fallen to 59 per 1,000 births, the lowest ever recorded; but the maternal mortality rate still keeps up, and, as the Report cautiously admits, "some at least of the deaths in childbirth are preventable." And what of the living? The C.M.O. has a good deal to say about the problems of nutrition, and he touches again on the vexed question of the effects of poverty on health. Dr. MacNalty, like his predecessor Sir George Newman, believes that "the deleterious influences of unemployment and reduced income have been largely held in check" even in the most distressed areas. But he admits there are no grounds for complacency, and he assures us that "the position is being closely watched." We are glad to know that; but watching is not enough. There is ample evidence that a vast number of the people of this country to-day are suffering from undernourishment, even though the mischief is not always apparent at the moment. And remedies, whether in the form of more milk for the children and increased allowances to the unemployed or of more effective measures to decrease unemployment, are staring us in the face.

What is Obscenity?

The prosecution of Boriswood, Ltd., for publishing Edward Charles's *The Sexual Impulse* may be an important one in the history of prosecution for obscenity. The book was published at one guinea and before publication had been reported on favourably by Dr. Jensen of Westminster Hospital, Lord Horder, Dr. Voge of Edinburgh, Professor Julian Huxley and Dr. Janet Chance, the last two contributing forewords. Although in cases of this type no evidence may be heard on the issue of obscenity, the question being one entirely for the Court, the defence were able to call expert witnesses regarding the educational and scientific value of the book. Prof. Julian Huxley said in the witness box that the book was a study for medical students and intelligent members of the public which could be used as what is known in academic circles as subsidiary reading. Dr. Maude Royden said that, without committing herself to all the expressions or theories in the book, she thought it very valuable from the social point of view, explaining that sexual instruction was becoming increasingly necessary in modern society. An odd feature of the case was the refusal of the magistrate to allow some mild little verses from Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* to be quoted on the ground that they were not fit for "people of the working class to read."

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A POLICEMAN'S MANDATE

IN 1931 the National Government asked for a blank cheque to deal with a financial crisis. The country gave it and has been scratching its head about the result ever since. Mr. MacDonald called it a "doctor's mandate." In 1935 the National Government is again asking for a blank cheque, this time to deal with foreign affairs. Since its new foreign policy is to prevent violence through the League, we suppose—and we make a present of the phrase to Mr. Baldwin—that the new demand should be for a "policeman's mandate." We approve of the policeman's activities, but we are all against giving this particular policeman a blank cheque. His conversion to the side of law and order is too recent. For several years he openly aided and abetted the most notorious housebreaker of our times, and only a couple of months ago he was willing enough to strike a bargain with the latest thug. If to-day he asks us to accept his *bona fides* as an emissary of the law, we reply that we prefer a fellow with a better record. We want much more definite assurances about his reasons for turning honest and his plans for the future. And what we like least about him is that he talks at times as if it were rather a soldier's than a policeman's mandate he was after.

Since the international crisis is likely in one form or another to continue for many months to come, we regard it as a waste of time and breath to denounce the Government for holding a general election in the middle of it. According to the rules of the political game, the Government is entitled to go to the country when it suits it best. And no Government would be simple enough to miss this lucky moment, when it can claim that on the issue of the hour it has almost the whole country behind it, when, if Geneva fails, it can put the blame on the French and present, in either case, a platform argument for enough additional armaments to satisfy even its most conservative supporters.

Now what is wrong with this case—apart from such little matters of home affairs as the neglect of the distressed areas which, Mr. Chamberlain tells us, the Government might, if it is returned again, begin to be able to do something about in another three or four years? The first answer is that we have only got into this deplorable mess in foreign affairs because of the Government's past infidelities. The necessity of sanctions to-day is the fruit not of adherence to the Covenant, but of sabotaging it in the past. Did Sir Austen Chamberlain expect to be believed when he said, in an interview published in the *Paris Soir*, that British behaviour in regard to the Covenant was always "irreproachable"? Some British electors might swallow this enormity, but the Continent has not forgotten Sir John Simon, or the fact (which Mussolini has duly stressed throughout the dispute) that the British Foreign Secretary consistently spoke to Japan's brief when Manchuria was invaded, and made a naval agreement with Germany without even a formal apology to the League. For four years this journal has commented week by week on the Government's betrayal of the League, and electors who wish to refresh their memories about this most disastrous epoch of British foreign policy cannot do better than consult the two pamphlets we have published, *The Dying Peace* and *Abyssinia*. The first deals especially

with the Sino-Japanese dispute and the sabotage of the Disarmament Conference, and the second faithfully records past British intrigues for the partition of Abyssinia and recent efforts to buy off Mussolini by methods of conciliation which served, as they were bound to do, merely to assure the Duce that he would meet with no serious opposition from the League if he went ahead with his little war. If the Government's policy has so changed that Mr. Eden, who has been a consistent Covenanter throughout, now appears to speak for a united Cabinet, that is only because Mussolini's intransigence at length frightened even the extreme Imperialists in the Cabinet into seeing that the League is the one security for the British Empire. We do not complain that self-interest should at length have brought them to a more enlightened point of view, but let us not imagine—indeed, nobody who reads the continental press could imagine—that people outside England take such remarks as Sir Austen Chamberlain's seriously or that Sir Samuel Hoare's assurance that Great Britain was completely disinterested in this dispute leads to anything but mocking laughter on the Continent. What we are entitled to ask now is what objects the Government hopes to serve by its new-found attachment to the Covenant, what kind of settlement it envisages with Italy, and how it intends to carry out in practice some very fine sentiments that have recently been uttered by Sir Samuel Hoare and other members of the National Government?

The most alarming pointer to the Government's intentions is the stress in each ministerial utterance on the need for an immense increase in armaments. We hope that the millions of signatories of the Peace Ballot who may be pleased that the Government has apparently taken so much notice of their acceptance of sanctions as a last resort, will not forget that they also voted for all-round disarmament, for the abolition of naval and military aircraft, and for an end to the scandal of the private manufacture of arms. Surely it is elementary that no increase of armaments should be even discussed until the loathsome features of this industry are abolished. We fail altogether to follow the argument put forward in our correspondence columns by Mr. L. J. Cadbury, who suggests that national ownership might be undesirable because it would be in some degree more provocative to Mussolini for Governments to sell arms direct to Abyssinia than to do so indirectly by licensing their sale by private firms. And why should we forget that the British Government was more responsible than any other for the failure of the Disarmament Conference and the refusal even to discuss proposals for ending national air forces and making civil aviation a world service—proposals which were worked out in considerable detail by the French, Spanish and other Governments and which had reached a hopeful stage when Lord Londonderry decided that it was time for the Conference to adjourn? If the League succeeds in the present dispute, the opportunity will be singularly suitable for a renewed attempt to limit armaments. If we must look to our defences, there are, as Mr. Jonathan Griffin points out in the article we publish this week, a variety of ways in which we can defend ourselves more effectively than by an increase in offensive weapons. It was Mr. Baldwin who reminded us that increased air armaments are no defence, but merely a way of trying to bomb more women and children more quickly than any of our possible enemies can bomb ours. Does Mr. Baldwin now think this a tolerable policy, and is he content to see the profiteer rubbing his hands with glee at the prospect?

When Parliament meets next week there will be plenty of points that need elucidation. Apart from the issue of armaments, the nation has a right to ask for a more explicit assurance than it has yet received that Great Britain will not, in any case, and however great the difficulties of obtaining French co-operation, be allowed to drift into what would be in effect a private war with Italy. Further, if the Government wishes to convince the Continent that British imperialism has really changed its character it must go further than Sir Samuel Hoare's now famous declaration that every nation has the right to free access to raw materials, and further than his sensible addition in his broadcast to the United States about the necessity of reducing tariff barriers between nations. The importance of the reference to raw materials was its recognition of the economic causes of war. It should be followed up by a public statement on behalf of the British Government that we are willing to extend the mandate system over the British Empire and to go into the whole question of possible revision of the colonial settlement at Versailles.

One of the chief dangers of the present situation is the ease with which it can be exploited for nationalist and militarist purposes. The condition of any support of the Government is that, in asking for a policeman's mandate, it shows that it remembers that the Covenant is more than Article XVI, that the policeman is no good unless the law he supports is just, and capable of changing with changing needs. How far is the stress on Article XVI leading men to accept the League as a veiled military alliance which will fight at short intervals a series of League police wars to end war? We hope that Sir Samuel Hoare's peroration addressed to the United States was more than a fine phrase. He spoke of wanting "a new world and a new order in human relations in which peace and justice, trade and intercourse, should be secure." Has Sir Samuel asked himself whether these words have any practical significance while society remains divided into Sovereign States, each representing the private interests of their own capitalists?

LEAGUE PERSONALITIES: Mr. Hawariat

We publish this week as a special supplement to the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION the first of Kapp's series of League personalities. This series is selected from the original lithographs which Kapp has now completed on the initiative of the British Museum and which have been presented to the British Museum through the generosity of Mr. Samuel Courtauld, Sir Michael Sadler and an anonymous donor. The complete series of lithographs can be seen at any time by request in the Print Room of the British Museum, and some are now on exhibition.

The first of our series is Mr. Hawariat, the Ethiopian delegate at Geneva. Mr. Hawariat, who has served as Ethiopian Minister in France and Great Britain, was trained as a soldier in Russia and, after presenting the Abyssinian case at Geneva, is now leaving to fight for his country as a general against Italy.

ALTERNATIVE TO REARMAMENT

[Developments in the air have made it possible for air attacks on a large scale to be delivered . . . suddenly on many parts of the country; and despite the steps which the Government are taking to increase the Air Force for home defence and the ground anti-aircraft defences, it is impossible to guarantee immunity from attack. The increasing speed of aircraft makes the task of the defence progressively more difficult, and their greater weight-carrying capacity adds to the damage which can be effected by even a single aircraft which eludes the defenders. —Home Office Circular, July 11, 1935.]

WHAT is the use of increasing the Air Force, when there is no adequate defence against large-scale air attacks? The public must be brought to realise the scale of the air danger. It is indeed so great that drastic measures alone will meet it—the abolition of national air forces and the internationalisation of air power.

No less drastic policy can meet the situation. Some people hope to meet it by concluding an "Air Locarno" and limiting the air forces of the participants at "parity" with one another. Limitation might be better, but little better, than nothing; its value would consist in the international supervision that would have to accompany it. Let those who aim not at abolition, but at limitation of air forces, ask themselves, "What is 'parity'?" Everyone should know by now that the figures of air strengths—that is, the numbers of machines belonging to this and that Power—are hopelessly misleading; for it is in varying degrees the policy of all countries now to cut down their stock of military aeroplanes, which quickly become obsolete—but to expand their industrial and technical capacity to the full and subsidise commercial and private aviation. Again, as Captain Liddell Hart has shown, vulnerability is an essential factor in air strength; for instance, even if this country somehow had an air force exactly "equal" to that of Germany, it would still be a shorter distance from the German frontier to London than from the English coast to Berlin. And so the search for parity is bound to be a race for superiority.

As for the Air Locarno, its object is to deter any country from aerial aggression by the threat of overwhelming collective retaliation. But in practice, if Great Britain were attacked by France or Germany from the air only two Powers would, under the Air Locarno, be bound to give "immediate aid." A desperate nation will select a time when one or two of the signatories have their hands full with other troubles; it will then, in the judgment of a very distinguished airman*, "assemble a sufficient mass of bombers and prepare its continuous offensive measures, so that if possible the nation it attacks will not be worth succouring. Only a very faithful ally would go to the assistance of a nation which was already knocked out and so draw down on its own people all the fury of attack." It is thus only if air power is transferred from sovereign national States to international ownership that any aggressor will certainly be met by predominant power. But under an Air Locarno, because with air forces remaining nationally owned their use in mutual assistance will be unreliable, nations will continue to rely upon their own armaments; each nation will increase its air forces on the plea that it requires them to fulfil its collective obligations, yet to each of the others they will be, or seem, a deadly menace, to be repaid in kind.

What, then, can be done in the immediate future? There is at this moment in full swing an armaments race so swift and sly and explosive that it is quite out of proportion to any such competition in the whole of history. The armament budgets of all the nations jerk upwards by millions of pounds at a time; and every single pound of that expenditure represents a fantastically increased and indiscriminate destructive power. And now a new and sinister race begins—the race to finance the race to ruin by means of "defence loans." A defence loan means that the Government of the day can get these instruments of mad slashing for nothing, leaving it to future taxpayers to pay for them—as well as for any up-to-date and expensive armaments they may be fools enough to desire for themselves.

The policy I suggest is this:

1. H.M. Government should see that the Air Commission of the Disarmament Conference meets without delay and takes up again its constructive study of the abolition of national air forces, the internationalisation of civil aviation and an international air police service. The Government will say that this would be useless, because Germany would not be there. But it was on this question that Germany and France did approach agreement at the Disarmament Conference; for on May 27, 1933, in the General Commission, both France and Germany proposed that the Air Commission should at once resume and complete its promising work. Yet the Air Commission has not met since March, 1933. Why not? Even in 1934 and 1935 the air question appears to have offered some hope of reconciling Germany with France—equality with security. H.M. Government should therefore make a special appeal to Germany on the basis of Herr Brandenburg's two speeches of May 27, 1933, to come to Geneva or elsewhere and help to solve this key problem.

2. H.M. Government should put forward full and concrete proposals of their own, designed to make possible the abolition of national air forces by reducing to the minimum the possibility of civil aviation being misused. If, as I expect, it is thought that regulation and supervision would be inadequate, then it is their duty to propose international ownership.

3. If they will not, the man-in-the-street should not take "No" for an answer, but should demand a public inquiry with wide terms of reference. For the present Prime Minister has warned him that "whatever people may tell him, the bomber will always get through," that "the air forces ought all to be abolished," and that "it is necessary for the nations of the world concerned . . . to *devote the whole of their minds* to this question of civil aviation, to see if it is possible so to control civil aviation that such disarmament will be feasible." In the House of Commons on March 21, 1934, Mr. Baldwin stated that he and his colleagues, after months of work, had not found a satisfactory way of controlling civil aviation "that would remove completely the peril from the air." Because the peril cannot be *completely* removed (no peril can be) he is now leaving it to increase unchecked. Have the present Government ever seriously studied international ownership of civil aviation? The gravest doubts are raised by Lord Hailsham's speech of March 13, 1935. Lord Lothian had told the House of Lords that he "was assured by the Leader of Germany that Germany was prepared to abolish all bombers altogether if everybody else did so." Lord Hailsham replied that "that . . . is a matter which *will*, of course, be taken into consideration but . . . we have the great difficulty of the existence of civil aircraft. . . . Whether it can be overcome is a matter for consideration by expert statesmen and their advisers, *when* they come to close grip with the subject." The italics are mine. They make it plain that one of the Defence Ministers had not come to close grip with the air problem a whole year after Mr. Baldwin had told Parliament that he and his colleagues had worked at it for months. Is the civilisation of Europe to be destroyed by default? Unless and until H.M. Government have put forward practical proposals for the abolition of national air forces, or have submitted to a public inquiry on the whole subject, any programme of air rearmament should be opposed relentlessly.

4. Finally, if H.M. Government should honestly try out this policy and yet fail, ought the man-in-the-street even then to let them increase the Air Force? Never. There are still two different ways of strengthening our national security.

One way is simply to increase our air forces. That would make air attacks perhaps less easy, but in the end inevitable; for who will deny that the "home defence air force" of each great Power, however pacific its name or even its purpose, is always in some other country regarded or exploited as a menace? That leads to an uncontrollable armaments

* Air-Commodore Fellowes, writing in *Headway*, March, 1935.

race, which could end only with the ending of all that we value.

There is another way, and this is to concentrate every penny of new defence expenditure on measures which would make this country less vulnerable, but could not possibly be a threat to other countries. For example, to meet the danger of an interruption of our sea-communications, let two years' supply of food-stuffs be stored in these islands. Professor J. B. S. Haldane has pointed out that our annual imports of wheat are about 6,000,000 tons, of maize and sugar about 2,000,000 each, of no other food-stuff more than one million tons. The food-stuffs in question are to a large extent already stored abroad. Their transference and storage would be costly, " but not in comparison with our present expenditure on armaments " ; and " it would provide work, stimulate international trade, and do more for our security than a fleet of cruisers." The *Army, Navy and Air Force Gazette* of July 4th, 1935, judges that this proposal is both practicable and urgent and that it would make it safe to reduce the British Navy. Again, let essential services be duplicated or arrangements made in advance for reopening them if they are destroyed. If possible, the evacuation of great cities should be organised, and the feeding of the multitudes in the wilderness. And, that not all the irreplaceable treasures of art be involved in the suicide of militarist mankind, let money be spared to disperse and protect a proportion of them. Such measures will at least prevent a disaster from extending to hundreds of thousands of people other than the direct victims, and from impoverishing posterity. In addition, we may succeed, in time, in making air attack very difficult without at the same time creating fresh menaces, if only we develop such devices as the infra-red searchlight and insist that money and research be concentrated on them.

It will be objected that up-to-date aggressive armaments are required if Great Britain is to fulfil her obligations. But to be useful, our contribution to collective security needs not to be more destructive but more reliable. Nothing can weaken it more than if other Powers should think that our policy, in a crisis, would be dominated by our present danger of starvation ; and to make ourselves less vulnerable will—by itself, without any rearmament with offensive weapons—make us more valuable to a collective system. Again, collective security is the only hope of really effective defence against the air menace ; but the air weapon is so swift and secret that now, probably, the only reliable collective security is the internationalisation of air power—civil and/or military—with abolition of national air forces. In 1933 that was practical politics ; but the British Government missed the great opportunity that existed in the Disarmament Conference in February–May, 1933, and it may now be found that, owing to that failure, internationalisation is, for a time, out of the question. None the less, the internationalisation of air power will remain the only adequate solution of the air danger, and the duty of any British Government will be to stabilise the general situation and restore confidence in peaceful adjustment by League methods, in order to create a new opportunity for internationalising air power. For this purpose competitive rearmament with aggressive weapons would be fatal. Such rearmament is not inevitable ; it is therefore inexcusable.

In short, against air attack there is no defence ; there is no solution except to internationalise air power, and this, until it is attained, should be the chief permanent objective of British foreign policy. That means not only that, if at any moment there is any chance of getting international agreement to that solution, it is the duty of the British Government in power to propose it ; but also that, if at any moment they fail, then it is their duty to set to work to create a new opportunity. To this end they must contribute by confining their defence expenditure to measures which cannot threaten other nations. In the present grave state of the world, to join in rearmament with potentially aggressive weapons is inexcusably irresponsible.

JONATHAN GRIFFIN

THE PROBLEM OF COLONIAL EMPIRE.—II.

THERE are some steps that Great Britain can take at once as a way of proving her good faith and of reversing the disastrous trend of economic nationalism. We can proclaim, more categorically and specifically than we have ever yet proclaimed, that we regard our colonial position as one of trusteeship, and we can couple with our announcement a clear plan for native education and the development of native hygiene, to be financed where necessary with subsidies from the British Exchequer. We can pledge ourselves to a fiscal policy in the colonies conducted solely in the interests of the colonial peoples and not of British as against other capitalist suppliers. We can undertake neither to discriminate against foreign capital nor to allow either British or foreign investment in our colonial territories except on terms which fully safeguard native rights and interests. In short, we can thoroughly liberalise our own colonial policy, and hope that our change of heart will at least do something to bring about better international relations.

Can we also offer to place our colonial administration under League inspection, so as virtually to hold our colonial empire under mandate from the League? Only if the League is changed and revivified as a result of action against Mussolini. It would be neither good nor practicable to place the British colonies under the supervision of a discredited and moribund League. But if the League can be made a reality, the position is altered ; though, even so, there would be difficult propaganda work ahead for those who sought to persuade the British electors, or the Dominions, to acquiesce in a policy of allowing " foreigners " a say in what we should do in " our " empire.

All this may seem depressing. It amounts to saying that, with the world as it is, there is no way of completely removing Italy's and Germany's natural sense of grievance. But the fact must be faced that the sense of grievance exists, not because these countries lack what they ought to have, but because Great Britain and France have what they had never the right to acquire. Imperialism itself is evil ; and the evil cannot be remedied either by extending it to such territories as are still unannexed, or by sharing out " possessions " which do not rightly belong to any European Power. How precisely it is to be remedied, without a series of world convulsions that may wreck civilisation itself, no one can yet foresee. All we can say is that, if the League wins this round, and wins it without making dishonourable concessions, a start will have been made along the right road.

No small part of the difficulty of even starting out to find a remedy is that the economic and the military considerations are so entangled. No great Power can wish to help others to coaling stations, air-bases, or even assured supplies of materials for making armaments, so long as it seriously feels that it may be at war with those whom it has helped to supply. As long as the danger of war exists, the colonial problem remains insoluble on military grounds. Remove the war danger, and the economic problems will prove relatively tractable, difficult as they seem to-day. For many of them are indirectly military. Remove the war danger, and economic nationalism and the desire for autarchy will speedily recede, and with them will recede the passion for colonial monopoly. Remove the war danger, and we can begin to be rational about colonies. But can we remove the war danger, when the colonial question is an integral part of it?

Nothing has been said so far about the demand for colonies as fields for the migration of surplus populations. Nothing has been said, because the matter is for the most part only of rhetorical importance. It is highly improbable that considerable European populations can in any circumstances settle in any territory that is now, or is likely to become, the subject of imperialist dispute. Italy would not really settle Abyssinia, even if she conquered it. The total white population of Kenya, which is far more easily developed than Abyssinia would be is to-day, after a generation of colonisation,

only some 12,000 men, women and children. Even Japan is not making much of a job of settling Manchukuo. If Germany were to get her colonies back, they would hardly become more important than before the war as outlets for the German people. The migration argument counts, because it possesses emotional value; but it has little economic basis. Modern migrations follow economic opportunity, not colonial empire.

Something more, however, must be said about the idea of a fairer distribution of the world's resources of raw materials. In a planned world economy, the distribution of the available supplies and the decision how much of this or that to produce in different areas would doubtless rest with some sort of world economic authority representative of the various States. But we are a long way off that yet; and, short of it, it is not easy to see what basis there can be for a distribution of supplies, or for decisions about production, except effective market demand. Export prohibitions and restrictions, though they exist, are not really important; in most cases, though not in all, those who have money to buy can buy as much as they want of any raw material at the prevailing world price. In certain cases, where a country, or a group of co-operating countries, has a monopoly, its producers may be able on occasion to levy unjust tribute on the rest of the world. That happened with rubber, with the British Government's collaboration, under the Stevenson Scheme; and America has not forgotten it yet. But in that case, as in some others, restriction brought its nemesis.

Something can be done, by pledges to consult the consuming as well as the producing countries over any proposal to regulate supplies, and perhaps by setting up, here and there, marketing organisations representing both types of countries, to deal with the danger that monopolistic restriction of raw material supply may breed international ill-will, and reinforce the demand for closed colonial empires. But the number of commodities affected is not very great; and international collaboration has shown of late more tendency to promote agreed restriction and exclude unwanted supplies, than to demand a larger share than can be bought under the existing market conditions. By all means let us deal with cases of national or imperialist monopoly where they exist; but it is doubtful if dealing with these will in fact carry us very far.

There are, of course, certain cases, notably that of petrol, in which countries unequipped with a domestic or colonial supply feel themselves not only at a military disadvantage, but often subject to unfair price discrimination at the hands of the controlling groups. But this type of exploitation cannot, in the nature of things, proceed from a monopoly in the control of a single imperialist State; no one State possesses the means so to manipulate the market. Consent is needed, at least between several great producing groups which have their headquarters in different countries. These groups may be able, by agreement, to exert a dangerous monopolistic power; and the existence of this power may generate a keen desire in countries outside their range to possess supplies of their own. But the problem cannot be dealt with by any redistribution of colonial areas, since the main sources of supply are not colonial. The oil question is a general question of international politics, rather than a colonial question. It can hardly be solved, in any final sense, save by bringing the world's oil resources as a whole, and not merely those situated in colonial areas, under some sort of collective control.

If Europe, on the morrow of the great war, had followed the way of real pacification and friendly collaboration in building up a new social order, use could have been made of many war-time agencies of international rationing and control to promote a fairer and more balanced employment of the world's economic resources. But now that that chance has been lost by a peace which fostered economic nationalism and imperialism instead of seeking to supersede them, the work has to be begun afresh, under conditions of even greater difficulty. The World Economic Conferences of 1927 and 1932 showed plainly, by their failure to advance beyond merely declaratory resolutions, and by the fate of the attempts to deal with the problem commodity by commodity, how little can be achieved when vested capitalist interests and conflicting national policies and ambitions stand equally in the way of international fair dealing and accommodation. And since 1932 the task has become actually harder, because the war danger has become greater and more pressing.

Must we, then, conclude that there is nothing to be done but to go on as we are, until some disastrous world convulsion has re-shuffled the cards? Not so; there are some things we can set about attempting here and now. Our most pressing task for the moment is to make the League a political reality without involving it in war; for until it becomes a political reality it will remain economically impotent, and war may easily destroy it altogether. In plain terms, that means applying to Italy such economic sanctions as will prove effective with the least risk of war. Briefly, these are an economic boycott of Italian goods and a financial boycott of the Italian money market. These measures may fail, at least if they are half-heartedly applied. But they need not fail; and no other measures seem to offer any prospect of success without war.

Assume that such steps are taken, and that they do succeed. At once the League's prestige is re-established and a new face put on the entire European situation. The League, thus strengthened, becomes usable, as it is not now, for international economic ends. It becomes not only a possible repository of supervising powers over colonial administration, but also a practicable agency for the international control of trusts and combines, and for the making of effective international agreements regulating the supply and distribution of vital raw materials and agricultural products. It becomes too strong for the Germans or even for Japan to ignore, and too compelling for the United States to stand aside from its constructive projects. Or, if this seems too great a hope, let us say at least that the League's chances of achieving these things, which are nothing to-day, will be not inconsiderable if it can but, in this one immediate case, establish its competence and will to check the misdoings of a major Power, and its honesty in contriving an unequivocably fair settlement.

A LONDON DIARY

THE traditional forms of democratic government are so deeply rooted in this country that we are the last people to realise the revolutionary effects of the development of wireless. Parliament, the platform and the press must all in time take second place. How many people, for instance, have noticed the significance of Mr. Eden's broadcasts from Geneva? Here is one of our two Ministers for Foreign Affairs, acting for the British Government abroad, and explaining personally and directly to the whole population just what he is doing and what he is expecting us to accept. Mr. Eden has not Mr. Roosevelt's technique; indeed, he is not even an unusually good broadcaster. But as the result of his talks, British foreign policy is associated in the minds of hundreds of thousands of people with Mr. Eden's voice and personality. In the past politicians had to build up their position slowly by debating capacity in the House of Commons, by platform oratory, or by a dramatic personality which assured them publicity in the daily press. Even so, they had to be very old hands before they were indispensable to a Government. To-day, Mr. Eden can make a national and indeed a European reputation in a few months and, though Mr. Eden is a very young politician on the old standards, his resignation would split the Government's support in the country from end to end. Access to the microphone means power in a democratic country as well as in a Fascist or Communist country, and in order to rub in the moral that our technique of government is changing too, we are going to have a general election on foreign affairs which will once again be rather a plebiscite of confidence in the Government's foreign policy than an electoral struggle of the old kind. Since Opposition parties and papers are allowed, our system is still rightly called democratic, but in

Europe, I fear, the election will be regarded mainly as a counter demonstration to Mussolini's twenty-million mobilisation a fortnight ago.

* * *

I went to a public meeting in the provinces a few days ago. The first two speakers, who had both been ardent pacifists in the last war, made a vehement war-resistance appeal coupled with an almost equally ardent demand for economic sanctions. The third speaker pointed out that even non-provocative economic sanctions might lead to war, but thought the risk worth running. The next two speakers agreed about the risk and thought it not worth running, one because he thought it might lead to a general war which nothing could justify, and the other because he was an out-and-out Christian Pacifist. The last speaker combined a clarion call for mass resistance to war with a demand for the immediate closing of the Suez Canal. The audience clapped each point of view impartially. I really do not know what they thought, but my impression is that they all wanted to down Mussolini by economic sanctions but could not face the fact that this might mean war.

* * *

The *Manchester Guardian* printed a surprising statement from its diplomatic correspondent last Friday. According to him, the Turks are not going to co-operate effectively in economic sanctions. If this is true, it may not be very important economically, but it is an ugly symptom of the difficulty of creating an effective economic boycott. Since Mustapha Kemal is known to hate and fear the Duce, whose speeches about the Roman Empire have threatened Turkey even more than Egypt, the only explanation would seem to be some sort of private bargain. Can it concern the Dodecanese? If the business of economic sanctions drags along, as some people think it may, for six or twelve months, the opportunities for bargaining and intrigue are terrifying. I think Mr. Garvin, whose Sunday articles have reached an almost incredible pitch of hysteria and who ruins his case by out-aloising Aloisi in inventing excuses for Italy, is quite wrong in fearing an Italian-German alliance and a world war arising out of the present situation. But Germany's opportunities for blackmail are immense, and I hear from the City that there have already been unofficial approaches from Germany for a British loan in return for a German promise not to send coal to Italy. I hope all such suggestions will be turned down cold. In any case the effective economic sanction is not a boycott of imports to Italy, but a refusal to accept Italy's exports.

* * *

I have just read with great interest a crime story by Frank G. Layton, who is a doctor of long experience in a working-class area and an old contributor to this journal. There are two murders in *Hanged by the Neck* (Nicholson and Watson, 7*s.* 6*d.*); the first a slightly improbable affair in which an unpleasant millionaire is killed by a poisoned arrow found hanging on the wall, the second, an extremely probable judicial murder of the man with the best opportunity and motive for getting rid of the dead man. As a crime story the book is good enough. As propaganda against the death penalty it is very good indeed. Once the judicial process begins everything happens inevitably. Admittedly, the accused man is an awkward fellow who gives no help to his excellent lawyers. But then that would be true of many innocent men. As for the police, they are decent enough; but, having found a murder, it is their job to find a murderer. Their reputation depends not on justice, but on a conviction. The coroner and the magistrates, the judge and the juries, are all quite typical. One of the magistrates, it is true, is an unusually bad example of the ignorant bullying squire on the Bench and it would have been more original not to have made him deaf. However, Dr. Layton adjusts the scales by providing for a Labour J.P. who stands up to the chairman and defeats him—which might easily not happen in real life. Then again the warders and the chaplain and the prison doctor are just part of a machine, and no one who has considered the incongruity of a prison chaplain attempting to bring the comforts of a religion which preaches forgiveness and forbids killing to an atheist who is just about to be hanged by a Christian State will think that Dr. Layton has been too savage with this unpleasing convention. Finally the doctor who examines the body after the drop has more than a doubt about the truth of his official announcement that death was instantaneous. (You can check up the reasons for this doubt by looking at the evidence in Roy Calvert's classical book on *Capital Punishment*.) No, Dr. Layton has not been at all unfair to the Law or the people who administer it. Something very like this must inevitably happen from time to time, though we do not know it. It is often said that the worst feature of capital punishment is that it is irrevocable, that mistakes cannot be rectified. From the official point of view that is its advantage. Stone dead has no fellow. Who wants to make a rumpus when it's too late to save the man anyhow?

* * *

Walking across Hampstead Heath the other morning, at a time when there were few people about, I heard voices raised in excitement and the sound of thudding metal. In a small sandy hollow among the trees two Frenchmen were enjoying their national game of bowls. The little scene was as surprising as if, in Normandy or Provence, one were suddenly to come upon a field of cricketers. I watched fascinated. *Les boules* is a great deal quicker and more adventurous than the game which we restrict to our beautifully rolled lawns; when your adversary's *boule*, for example, is too favourably placed you have the right to dislodge it with a full toss. The game, too, can be played on any ground, however uneven, and the players in the market squares and boulevards of Southern France, where *les boules* is tremendously popular, develop an extraordinary skill in judging bumps and slopes. The effect on an English spectator is of a mixture between bowls, backyard croquet and skittles. In France it is the workmen's game. I have seen as many as fifty games in progress on the fair ground at Marseilles, each followed by its little crowd. The traveller in Provence gets as used to the spectacle as to the sight of long rows of men fishing in the canals. Hampstead Heath is the last place where I should have expected to get a whiff of it; the glee of these two nattily dressed gentlemen was rather subdued perhaps; and when they had finished they packed away their *boules* in a suitcase and hurried to catch a train for the city.

* * *

Two new Nazi yarns. It is reported in Germany that a lion which escaped from a circus was captured and killed by one man. He was naturally applauded until it was learnt that he was a Jew. Then a headline ran "Jew Murders Good Aryan Lion." It is also said that a new set of cigarette cards is to be issued: "Göring in uniform —a series of 400."

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5s. for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. R. G. R. Wall.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Philately is one of those quiet, steady and effective influences on which we can base real hopes of universal peace.—*Philatelic Journal of Great Britain.*

After taking counts in all sorts of places in and around London this summer, my wife and I came to the conclusion that London's bird population was about two-and-a-half million strong with about 1,558,993 house-sparrows, 260,036 wood-pigeons and 32,040 domestic or wild homing pigeons. These are London's three commonest birds.—*Star.*

The House of Lords has lost, at the age of 91, one of its most picturesque personalities in the Earl of Morton. He had a great gift for silence, and during all the years that he attended at Westminster as a Scottish representative Peer his voice was never heard in debate. —*Sunday Times.*

Yes, Mussolini wants to be first, and yet, during the week, he had to take second place in the headlines of all the papers. The baby Prince to-day claims precedence over the first man in Italy. It is but chance, but has its own significance. A powerful Dictator bowing to a small, helpless human being, because he comes from a line of Kings.—*Sunday Mail.*

Everywhere I went last week people asked me: "What is the royal baby like? What are his surroundings?"

I can tell you. Here are the facts:—

He has done little but sleep and sleep ever since he was born on Wednesday morning.

Little characteristics have begun to appear.

The tiny brain is awakening.

The baby is brought to his mother in the cold grey morning, as our babies are brought.

(Wise, fortunate little baby to have missed that disturbing change over from Summer Time by just three days. Babyhood has so many problems that we are glad you were spared that most confusing one at a time when your whole life is guided by the clock.)—*Sunday Express.*

A telegram from the Bath Club stated: "Respectful congratulations on your son, who has been elected a junior member of the Bath Club, so that in swimming and squash he may, we hope, continue the family tradition."—*Times.*

The Drugs to buy: Listerine, Castor Oil, Byard's Oil, Langdale's Cinnamon, Gee's Cough Linctus, Yellow Vaseline.

If this remedy cures you, and I hope and believe it will, please report to me, and in payment let your fee be—just saying—God bless Lady Houston.—*Saturday Review.*

TALL MEN

WHEN I saw the heading, "Tall Men Are Depressed," in a newspaper the other day, I read on with sharpened interest; for I am myself a six-footer, or was until I settled down into a lifelong stoop. Such is human egotism that tall men are especially interested in what is said about tall men, just as red-haired men will listen to a theory about red-haired men with keener attention than to a theory about men whose hair is dark or fair. In spite of the fact that I am a tall man, however, I never had any theory about tall men except that they are less fortunate than short men, whom Nature has compressed into bundles of energy and who can move about inconspicuously in a crowd. Even though I was both tall and depressed, I never connected my depression with the fact that I was tall. I attributed my depression partly to weakness of character, partly to weakness of constitution, and partly to the misbehaviour of a world that would apparently rather live on the edge of a volcano than in the Garden of Eden. From my earliest years, the world seemed an unnecessarily dangerous place—not at all a world fit for pleasure-loving children. It was depressing to know that the Pope, having learnt nothing from the history of his predecessors, was still spending his nights and days planning a massacre of the inhabitants of the Shankill Road. My depression would have been greatly relieved, I am sure, if I had been told that the Pope and all his followers had announced their conversion to Protestantism. Even if the Pope had come over to us, however, there would still have remained the Devil—the most depressing of neighbours for a would-be-happy child. He was a sneaking sort of fellow who would even try to overhear one's prayers in the hope that he might be able to thwart them. He was a prowler, a threat to peace, a fiend who by duping a foolish woman had doomed us all to death and some of us to all manner of torments after death. One did not need to be very tall in order to be able to realise that here was something well worth being depressed about. Even quite short-legged children grew melancholy when they thought of the monster going about like a roaring lion through the countryside.

At the same time, it would be foolish to imagine that we were continuously, or even usually, unhappy. There are few things more difficult for an ordinary human being than to keep depressed all the time. In childhood even the profoundest melancholy disappears at sight of a buttered bun or of a two-shilling bit. The Powers of Darkness may be awe-inspiring enough when we think of them, but the boy with a bottle on his way to fish for sticklebacks has other things to think about than the Powers of Darkness. Gladstone might be the most malevolent fiend in human form since Napoleon, but the menace of Gladstone somehow seemed less serious when one was taken to see a newly-born foal. I suspect that almost every child is in large measure an Epicurean who possesses the great art of living for the moment—not constantly, but at least often enough to prevent it from sinking into melancholia. Besides, in spite of its apprehensions, the child has a fortunate way of seeing its world as a static and permanent place. It has confidence in the solidity of its surroundings, in the continuance of its friends and relations. I thought a great deal about death as a child and often lay awake in misery because I knew that we were all doomed to die and that it was, alas, impossible that we should all die on the same day. These melancholy thoughts did not survive into daylight, however. By morning I was back into the solid world of living people—of people of whom I could think only as going on living. On the whole the world seemed a good place and, if it had not been for Gladstone, might even have seemed a perfect place.

Whether I could have enjoyed these bursts of cheerfulness if I had foreseen the way in which the world was later to behave, I cannot say. I fancy that so long-legged a youth would have felt depressed to the midriff at the prospect. Everything that happened in those days, however, seemed a step in the direction of a happier and more stable world. The defeat of the Home Rule Bill—what a cause of joy! The end of the Boer War—had not the reign of peace arrived at last? Socialism had not yet arrived, but in a world of reason it would arrive peaceably. Ireland was not yet free, but here, too, reason and passive resistance could achieve all her desires. All my life I seem to have been fixing some date at which the Golden Age would have at last begun. I have constantly deceived myself into believing that if such and such a thing happened all would be well, or at least all would be well on the way to being well. The end of the War, the Kerensky revolution, the signing of the Irish Treaty—each of them seemed the birthday of a new world. I would have sworn on each occasion that now everything was going to be all right; for, though melancholy, I am a melancholy optimist. I find it hard to believe that the worst is going to happen in public affairs until it has actually happened. That is why I have been so much worse a prophet during the last thirty years than the cheerful pessimists.

The news item entitled "Tall Men Are Depressed," however, makes me wonder whether my melancholy has been due so much to the misbehaviour of the world as to the length of my legs. It is true that the state of the world has a great deal to do with the state of our spirits, but it is possible that the length of our legs has even more. I have known men who, so far as I could judge them, would have maintained their cheerfulness under Nero no less than in the happier reign of Hadrian. I have met men who declared that they enjoyed the War. Riots and revolutions—there are men whose spirits seem to thrive on them. I had a letter the other day from a man who, referring to the riots that used to follow football matches in Belfast between a Protestant and a Catholic team, spoke with enthusiasm of "those matches that used to end in a scrap greatly to the delight of us youngsters." The world, even when it is at its worst, is well stocked with Mark Tapleys. They are for the most part short-legged fellows who would keep up their spirits—and other people's—in an earthquake.

In contrast with them you will meet the constitutionally depressed people who are most depressed when there is nothing on earth to be depressed about. You will find them among the idle rich as in the slums. It is difficult, indeed, to be sure

whether, apart from extreme poverty, the possession of money has much to do with human happiness. Mr. Shaw has written about the miseries of the idle rich as though their money contributed to their miseries. I suspect, however, that a man can be perfectly happy even as a millionaire, if only his legs are short enough. If you are born cheerful, it takes more than a million of money to depress you. If you are born depressed, on the other hand, it does not much matter whether your income is £200,000 or £200 a year. If you have £200,000, you will have time to think about your health and will imagine that you would be happy if you had a good digestion. If you have £200, you will think more about money than about health and will imagine that, if your income were trebled, you would be the most cheerful man alive. Probably you would be right in neither case. Temperament, even more than health or money, seems to govern the spirits. Let a depressed man win an enormous prize in a sweepstake, and he will find some reason for looking on the money as an added burden. He will certainly show fewer signs of cheerfulness than a mercurial man whose horse has just lost him a small fortune by a neck.

Even though I believe, however, that high spirits and low spirits are qualities given at birth rather than the product of prosperity or adversity, I still keep an open mind about the theory which relates over prevailing moods to the length of our legs. Think of all the tall men you know, and ask yourself whether their ranks contain a greater proportion of pessimists than those of your short friends. Mr. Shaw is no midget, but he keeps up his spirits wonderfully. It would be possible to find traces of pessimism in his later plays, but pessimism does not depress Mr. Shaw: it cheers him up. Yet Mr. Shaw belongs to the leaner type of tall men, who might be expected to be melancholy. As for tall men who are fat, how often does one hear one of them referred to as "a jovial giant"! If you are fat, it seems to me, the length of your legs scarcely matters: the odds are that you will be cheerful. I do not know whether the Six-Foot Club still meets at dinner. It it does, a man of science should attend one of its functions and see whether the spirits of the diners are higher or lower than in an assembly of men of all shapes and sizes. It is important that this question should be settled by scientific methods, for, until the thing is absolutely certain, it is extremely unfair to add to the depression of melancholy six-footers by telling us that we were born to this. We can bear our depression so long as we believe that, if we were better men, or if the world were a better place, we could get rid of it. If we are informed, however, that it is all a matter of long legs, we shall feel that our melancholy is predestined and inescapable, and we shall become as miserable as old-fashioned Calvinists. For myself, I pin my faith to the long legs of Mr. Shaw. While these exist, I will refuse to believe that long legs necessarily mean long faces.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

[We have only been able to print a very small selection of the letters that we should have liked to include this week. May we appeal to correspondents to be brief? Ed., S. & N.]

THE *FRONT POPULAIRE*

SIR,—While in general agreement with your excellent summary of the French political situation in "The Crusade for Civilisation" (your issue of October 12th), I cannot help feeling that it is risky, to say the least of it, to assume that if a Fascist *coup* were attempted in France it would not be successful in overthrowing democracy . . . similar suggestions were made about Germany almost up to the very day on which Hitler seized power.

It is perfectly true that the *Front Populaire* is immensely strong, but it should not be forgotten that its strength is still entirely dependent upon the adhesion to it of the Radical-Socialists. There is always a risk that this numerous body may be persuaded to sacrifice their long-term interests for the sake of a mistaken "patriotism," engendered by the present international crisis.

The French public has never had much confidence in the good faith of British declarations—especially since Arthur Henderson left the Foreign Office. Recently they have had their suspicions confirmed, apparently, by the tardy and evasive reply made by Sir Samuel Hoare to their straight question of whether Britain intended in future to stand firmly by the Covenant of the League. On top of all this, their anxiety has been still further increased by the deliberate exaggeration and misrepresentation in their press, which is almost entirely controlled by Fascists and other reactionaries, of the differences within the British Labour movement regarding what action should be taken in connection with the Italo-Abyssinian dispute.

If such lack of confidence is allowed to persist, there is a grave and immediate danger that the Radical-Socialists may unite with the Right Wing Parties to give France a taste of "National" Fascism, of the type with which we have become familiar since 1931. In any case, there is always the alternative risk that M. Laval will abandon all hope of regaining mass-support, and will use his control of the Government machine to support a Fascist *coup*. . . . If either of these disasters overtakes French democracy, we may safely assume that it will be our turn next!

The debate on sanctions at the Labour Party Conference brought home to all the extreme danger attendant upon the adoption of a policy which, nevertheless, we could not afford to renounce. It brought forth, however, hardly a reference to the possibility of reducing that danger, by sharing it with others in a similar predicament, though it must be obvious that an extension of the principle of "collective security" to cover internal, as well as external, risks would turn the tables on our adversaries. I would suggest, therefore, that it is imperative that the British Labour movement should at once take steps to organise concerted efforts in France and Britain in defence of peace and of our liberty. Such action would, if properly advertised and vigorously carried out, rally to the side of the mass-movement of the workers most of those millions of decent-minded, possibly non-political, individuals who sincerely desire the same ends. The development of a Franco-British People's Front would, moreover, so force the pace for our half-hearted, reactionary Governments that they would be compelled very soon to drop the masks they have considered it politic to assume: capitalist imperialism would find itself paralysed, and the League might soon become a People's League for the removal of the causes of wars.

The London Trades Council, true to its international traditions, is to be congratulated on its initiative in planning, for the near future, a great demonstration in London at which prominent Frenchmen, representing the various sections of the *Front Populaire*, will be heard. It is to be hoped that similar Anglo-French demonstrations will soon be held at other important centres in France and Britain, so that a combination of Gallic fire and British determination will show the world that we mean business. Such demonstrations would undoubtedly go a long way towards ensuring a change of Government in both our countries, and would, in the meanwhile, make it quite clear to the Governments which "misrepresent" us to-day that if they delay, or fail, in carrying out their obvious duty to the League, we can, and will, apply our own sanctions . . . against them, as well as against their Fascist friends abroad.

EDGAR P. YOUNG,
Lieutenant-Commander R.N., Retired.
13 Acacia Road, N.W.8.

SANCTIONS

SIR,—I am sorry to spoil Mr. A. L. Rowse's pleasure, however transient, in finding himself in agreement with me. But I really must point out the fallacy in his simple proposition that because the Communists are right in desiring a Labour Government in Britain now, they were wrong in attacking the Social Democrats in Central Europe during the post-war period.

The Communist attack upon the German and every other Social Democracy was (and is) this. The Social Democrats tell the workers that they can achieve Socialism by a process of cumulative social reforms, achieved by electing parliamentary majorities, and that consequently all need for the more direct forms of working-class activity and struggle is not only unnecessary but must be avoided at all costs, because it alarms public opinion, and so prevents parliamentary majorities.

Communists reply that on the contrary such a policy can never produce Socialism, and must sooner or later produce Fascism. It will castrate and divide the working class; it will strengthen, and not disarm, the capitalists. As soon as the use of democratic methods begins to secure social reforms which encroach upon the

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Ethiopia: Teclé Hawariate

essentials of capitalism, the capitalists will not hesitate for a second to sweep democracy away. The struggle cannot be dodged; if you try to dodge it you will simply deliver the working-class helpless and disarmed into the hands of the capitalists.

No one who is not perfectly determined to blind themselves can possibly deny that the post-war history of Europe is one long, appalling, tragic confirmation of the Communist view. The Social Democrats everywhere retained their leadership of the working class. The Communists failed to dissuade the Social Democrats from pursuing their line to the last minute of their existence. Upon Social Democracy must rest the responsibility for the ruin of the working-class movement in Europe which Mr. Rowse deplores.

The short answer to Mr. Rowse's contention that, on the contrary, this ruin was caused by the Communists daring to criticise what they considered a disastrous leadership, and thus splitting the working-class movement is—Austria.

In Germany, it is true that the working-class movement was split, though not as a matter of historical fact by the Communists; but in Austria the Communists were even smaller in number, and less influential, than they are, as Mr. Rowse so complacently points out, in this country. But did this unhampered, monopoly control of the working class prevent the Social Democrats of Austria from producing, not Socialism, but Fascism?

Mr. Rowse is mistaken if he supposes that because the Communists, in perfectly different circumstances, are to-day working to secure the maximum number of votes against the National Government, they have changed their minds about these fundamental facts, or consider that their policy was wrong in the past. Everything that has happened in the tragic history of the last five years has vindicated that policy to the full.

I personally believe, however, that there is a valid criticism of the tactics, though not of the fundamental line of policy, which Communists have pursued in the past. I believe that we did often fail to make it clear that we were not attacking the Social Democratic workers, but were making a passionate protest against them being misled. For example, we did, and to a lesser extent still do, make it easier for the Social Democratic leaders to delude the workers into believing that the Communists are hostile to fundamental working-class institutions, such as the Trade Unions, instead of hostile to the surrender of these precious institutions to the governing class. But I believe that we are at last improving our methods in this respect, and that the Social Democratic leaders will find their opportunities for misrepresentation diminishing.

JOHN STRACHEY

TWO POINTS OF VIEW

SIR,—As a Britisher who has been working in Moscow for three and a half years, I should like to comment on Mrs. King's very interesting article "Two Points of View" in last week's issue.

Mrs. King was surprised at the comments of her Russian friends on the rather primitive way in which children's camps are run in this country, and she gave the reactions of some English boys and girls to the Russian idea of such a camp. They objected to it as being just like a boarding house or hotel with the added inconvenience of organised health activities.

Now the important point to my mind is, were those boys and girls of working class or middle class origin? It appears to me unlikely that children from poor homes would really enjoy pigging it as those from more comfortable homes do. I remember being myself surprised years ago to find that children from poor homes in Glasgow did not enjoy the discomforts of cooking a very bad meal in the rain as I did.

Are not the two points of view instanced by Mrs. King not so much Soviet and English as Soviet and middle-class English?

I would not deny that there are many workers' children in children's organisations in this country and that they probably enjoy their camps. It is a cheap way of having a holiday in the country. How much more would they enjoy it if they had really well-run camps on the lines of the Russian ones? In this country there is a certain dislike for too much organisation which is extremely marked among the middle classes. I doubt if it is so marked among workers, though, as their activities are generally organised from above in capitalist societies, it is noticeable there too. The Soviet point of view would seem to be that if you are going to do a thing you should prepare it and organise it as carefully as possible.

If it is true, as Mrs. King says, that children's camps in this country are run for propaganda (whether Boy Scouts, L.N.U., or anything else, does not much matter), while in Russia they are run to improve the children's health, which do your readers consider the more laudable object?

As regards the Russians' objection to having an L.N.U., on the grounds that political education is so far advanced in the Soviet Union that such a society is not needed, I should say that is very true. It is difficult for English people to realise this, but we must remember that we are probably the least politically educated people in the world, when taken as a whole—another symptom of our dislike for organisation.

I should like also to attempt to answer some of the questions which Mrs. King puts at the end of her article.

Is difference of taste due almost solely to different economic systems? In the ultimate resort, Yes; for it is the economic background which conditions the social system.

Would Mrs. King under Communism cease to enjoy a lone holiday? Probably not, for her whole mental make-up has been conditioned by a system in which individual is preferred to social living.

I think it is undoubted that the urge to the primitive life in capitalist societies is largely due to frustrations and dissatisfactions. I would add again, however, that this urge is much more marked among middle-class people than among workers.

Finally, is the attitude to Nature affected by the economic and political system? Of course it is. The economic and political system affects every side of life. Nature may be enjoyed under a Communist system just as under a capitalist system, and in fact may be enjoyed more fully by all. But Nature is regarded from a different point of view. Life is an integrated whole and Nature must be utilised in all her aspects to aid in the building of the Communist society of the future.

To sum up. It is not so much a difference of two national points of view as of two class points of view. That there are national differences is undoubted, but the really vital difference which in the last resort divides mankind is that of class, which cuts across nationalism in the only true internationalism.

32 Russell Square, W.C.1. ROBIN JARDINE

INDIA AND ABYSSINIA

SIR,—When at the Labour Party Conference at Brighton I heard speaker after speaker denounce Imperialism in general and Mussolini in particular without so much as a passing reference to the war of aggression in which Britain itself was at that very moment involved beyond the North-West Frontier of India, I felt impelled to write to the Executive of the Labour Party suggesting that the Conference should also pass a Resolution condemning British aggression and the bombing of villages from the air. I pointed out that if that was not done Indians would find it difficult to believe that the British Labour Party detested the Imperialism of its own Government as much as it did that of a foreign country like Italy. It is a matter of regret that not only did the Executive not sponsor such a Resolution at the Conference, but that it also failed to afford facilities for the discussion of an Emergency Resolution on the subject given notice of by Professor Laski, A. W. Greenwood and others.

What has been happening is that under cover of the general preoccupation with the Abyssinian situation, the British Government had been indulging in precisely similar aggression, the only point of distinction being that the independent territory invaded is not that of a State Member of the League of Nations.

In case the usual justification is given—it is Mussolini's also—that these operations are really defensive in their nature, I would point out that the Indian Legislative Assembly adopted last month by sixty-seven votes to forty-four (most of the latter being Government nominees) a motion for adjournment as a protest against "the bombing of innocent women and children in trans-frontier villages by the Royal Air Force," a procedure described by the Government spokesman in the debate as "humane"!

Only a few days before this the Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India had said in a debate on the Abyssinian situation: "If we go to war we wish to go with India behind us." His Excellency evidently forgets that Indians have learnt a few things since 1914. While Indian feeling is intensely pro-Abyssinian and hostile to Italy, as is shown by the boycott of all Italian trade organised by the Congress, the T.U.C. and Socialists in Bombay, the bulk of Indian opinion, both Nationalist and Socialist, will certainly be no party to India, herself a victim of Imperialism, being made a pawn in the diplomatic game.

India is groaning to-day under the weight of repression involving the gagging of the press (seventy-two newspapers have been suppressed during 1935), the suppression of Trade Unions and internment of Labour leaders, the indefinite imprisonment in concentration camps without trial of over 2,000 persons in Bengal, and a thinly veiled form of martial law in several districts of that unhappy Province. With the latest object lessons of the bombing of trans-frontier villages and the certification by the Viceroy of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, after its rejection by the Legislative Assembly, a measure destroying all vestige of individual and civic liberty, India may be forgiven if she sees little to choose between British Imperialism and Italian Fascism.

Given a free and equal voice in the society of nations, the country which has produced in Mahatma Gandhi the greatest living pacifist would certainly do more than her fair share for the achievement of peace and the maintenance of international order. But to-day she is denied her national independence. She is denied even a voice at Geneva save through Britain's nominee, the Aga Khan, who echoes faithfully His Master's Voice. In such circumstances it is nothing better than a cruel joke to ask India to sally forth in defence of a system of "collective security" which involves the perpetuation of her own subjection.

37 Wood Lane, N.6. M. R. MASANI,
Joint Secretary,
All India Congress Socialist Party.

THE TRAFFIC IN ARMS

SIR,—In the recent Peace Ballot question 4 dealt with the International Trade in Arms. Many, but by no means all, of those who took part in the Ballot were of the opinion that this difficult question could be solved quite easily by Great Britain setting the example of nationalising its arms industry. The present situation in Abyssinia, however, suggests that this expedient is not as simple as some would assume.

Amid general comments of approbation the embargo on arms from this country to Abyssinia has been lifted, and it is instructive to consider the position that would have existed if the policy of nationalising our armament industry had been in operation.

If it had been our policy for a substantial period to prohibit the private manufacture of arms, there would have been three courses open to Abyssinia :—

(1) To rely on other countries not following the example of Great Britain, but continuing to allow the private manufacture and sale of arms by their nationals.

As long as this remained the case Abyssinia would have got her supplies but the international traffic in arms would clearly not have been solved. On the other hand, if all other countries followed our example *a* solution of the international traffic would have been found but not one that gave Abyssinia any supplies from private sources.

(2) To set up arsenals of her own ; not a very helpful alternative to offer the Negus.

(3) To obtain arms from Governments.

If the Government of Great Britain and other countries began to supply Abyssinia, can it be doubted that Mussolini would view such action as a deliberate act of war ? In other words, if the advocates of abolishing the arms industry had had their way, would not the lifting of the embargo at once have precipitated a conflict which we all hope may be avoided ?

There are, of course, many other difficulties that arise if Governments are to supply arms to belligerent countries. I suggest, however, that the one indicated above is sufficient to make us consider once more whether the control of the international traffic in arms by licences issued not by national Governments but by an international body does not hold out more hope of practical success than nationalising our own industry.

The Davids, Northfield, L. J. CADBURY
Birmingham.

POLICE CONFESSIONS

SIR,—"Solicitor's" article in your issue of October 5th comes as a salutary reminder of the danger of allowing justice to depend upon the confessions of accused persons. That way lie the most appalling abuses, as a very little curiosity about the penal methods of other countries will assure us. Even across the Irish Channel in Northern Ireland (and I believe, though I write at a distance from the possibility of verification, in the Free State also) it is now an offence to refuse to answer the questions of an examining magistrate in private session, his warrant being the sufficient proof of such refusal, even though such answers may be of an incriminating nature.

A few weeks ago I was visiting a Swiss prison for women. One of the very few inmates was "au secret" and might not be seen. On enquiry it appeared that the woman was as yet untried, but that the judge had given orders that she must see no one but the officer who took her food, must have no book whatever, no work, no occupation. The reason of this stringent treatment which had gone on for two or three days was her refusal to "confess." It seemed to occur to no one that the woman might be innocent. Yet where the evidence is insufficient to procure a conviction without confession there must always exist a margin of possible error. Of course these are examples of the earlier stages only of the degradation of justice; in far too many countries it is now almost a matter of routine in the case of political prisoners for the police to endeavour to obtain confessions by systematic brutality amounting to actual torture.

The Assembly of the League of Nations has just passed a report (from the Fifth Commission) stating that its attention has been drawn to "information tending to prove" the existence of certain reprehensible practices in the treatment of prisoners, and urging their abolition where they exist. Amongst such practices is cited the use of violence and other forms of physical constraint in order to obtain evidence or confessions. That such a resolution should be necessary is a terrible confession for the twentieth century. Our English law has evolved a series of defences, sometimes clumsy perhaps, but of proved necessity, against this type of abuse. If we allow them to fall into disrepair we are traitors to the great traditions of our national freedom.

MARGERY FRY

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE

SIR,—Mr. Crossman in his letter in your last issue bases his criticism of the Socialist League substantially upon an exaggerated distinction between opposition and criticism. It is easy to say that the League has failed, but does that imply that its creation was a mistake and its continued existence a handicap ?

Why does Mr. Crossman complain that the League "opposed instead of criticised" ? Why is criticism permissible if opposition is not ? Where must criticism end ? Assuming that the leaders of the League are sincere, are they under compulsion never to carry their criticism to the point of a vote in opposition ? The purpose of criticism is surely not only to convince the leaders but also to educate the not-so-well-informed rank and file. Will the rank and file be impressed by any intellectual who will not stand up to the vote ? If they think you are afraid, they will have only one opinion of your motives.

Again, Mr. Crossman argues by implication that acceptance of a party is incompatible with a desire to change it. He seems to be in the unhappy position of desiring to change the Labour Party from within, whilst criticising the Socialist League for attempting to do the same thing. Perhaps he believes that criticism should always be individual, never organised. If so, that would have been an easier case to argue.

The intellectual in any mass movement has one function only, and that is to see more clearly than the majority. If he succeeds, the march of events will force his disciples into leadership. He must reconcile himself to the fact that crowds will flock to his grave but not to his house. E. S. WATKINS

Highgate, N.6.

"AN UTTERANCE WORTH NOTING"

SIR,

Here then we are confronted by an Italy, nationalist, conservative, clerical, which claims to make the sword its law, and the army the school of the nation. We had foreseen this moral perversion, and, for that reason, are not surprised by it. But those who think that this preponderance of militarism is a sign of strength are mightily mistaken. Strong peoples have no need to give themselves up to such a stupid orgy as that in which the Italian Press is now letting itself go with mad exaltation. Strong peoples have some sense of measure. Italy, nationalist and militarist, shows that it lacks this sense. . . . Thus it comes almost that a miserable war of conquest is acclaimed as if it were a Roman triumph.

Who says this ? Not I. It is translated from an article appearing in the Italian Socialist paper *Avanti* on January 21st, 1913, when Italy was setting about the conquest of Tripoli.

The article is signed "Benito Mussolini."

The Athenaeum. EDWYN BEVAN

Miscellany

THE NEXT WAR

(*Written in* 1915)

The Long war had ended.
Its miseries had grown faded.
Deaf men became difficult to talk to,
Heroes became bores.

Those alchemists,
Who had converted blood into gold
Had grown elderly.
But they held a meeting,
Saying,
" We think perhaps we ought
To put up tombs
Or erect altars
To those brave lads
Who were so willingly burnt,
Or blinded,
Or maimed,
Who lost all likeness to a living thing,
Or were blown to bleeding patches of flesh
For our sakes.
It would look well.
Or we might even educate the children."
But the richest of these wizards
Coughed gently;
And he said,
" I have always been to the front
—In private enterprise—
I yield in public spirit
To no man.
I think yours is a very good idea
—A capital idea—
And not too costly . . .
But it seems to me
That the cause for which we fought
Is again endangered.
What more fitting memorial for the fallen
Than that their children
Should fall for the same cause?"
Rushing eagerly into the street,
The kindly old gentlemen cried
To the young:
" Will you sacrifice
Through your lethargy
What your fathers died to gain?
The world *must* be made safe for the young!"

* * *

And the children
Went . . .

OSBERT SITWELL

CINEMA CLASSICS

"A Midsummer Night's Dream," at the Adelphi.
"Anna Karenina," at the Empire.

It should be obvious that the screen is no place for Shakespeare. What's he to Hollywood or Hollywood to him? To cinematise poetry you have to paraphrase it—and so leave out Shakespeare or accept the shadow of an image. Of course, every film-studio is doing it now, or proposing to do it. . . . A gigantic game of noughts-and-crosses. Still, if you must film Shakespeare, if culture cannot be denied (and you can suddenly disregard box-office), clearly *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is of all his plays the least unlike a scenario, and the one to start on.

So, for a start, his name is writ large among the credit-titles; his lines are scattered over two and a half hours of entertainment; and you "give him the works." The works are every pulley, smokescreen, illusion, monkey-wrench and fairy-business that the ingenuity and "intestinal fortitude" of Messrs. Warner Brothers' technical staff can devise. So Herr Dr. Reinhardt realises his "own dream of doing the play with no restraint on his imagination." Absolutely none. And no doubt the groundlings at the Globe would have relished the result; but the man in the street is blasé about tricks and shy of Shakespeare. He may well be appalled by this devastating combination of the two. Reinhardt should have learned from Disney's Little Pig that the works and the play "don't mix."

Shakespeare's part of the film holds its own all right—because all the other ingredients keep to themselves, too; they none of them mix. The first few shots are lavish décor, just another Millennium; the fairyland that follows is bigger and better Drury Lane pantomime (De Mille again, plus a dash of Christmas-card culture); the fooling of Bottom and his cronies is pure Shakespeare; the four lovers, an amateur-theatrical romp (Reinhardt?); and then a splendid staircase (Korda) brings all this "tragicall mirth" to a blessed end. One hesitates to say, baldly, what has happened—but there it is: they've put the "ache" in Shakespeare.

In all this hollywood of Arden, a single pirouette of the lissom Mdlle. Theilade is worth two dozen anxious fairy take-offs; the least gesture of Cagney's expressive hands, twist of Joe E. Brown's surprising face, querulous gasp from Quince, or giggle of Snout's, puts all Reinhardt's slot-machine frolic to shame. Cagney makes a splendid Bottom the Weaver. So sensitive, so dramatic and so sure is his rendering of the dual part, as man and ass, that it is well worth sitting through the whole ordeal once for the sake of his scene with Titania and the sweet fooling of his fellows (Messrs. Brown, Robinson, Herbert, Harlan and McHugh). We would even be willing to face it twice, but for two unforgivable insults: the raucous Puck and that rough-necking quartet of lovers who so amply deserved him for Cupid.

It is comforting to find, however, that even these have been pardoned the "impertinence" of their American accent by the wise majority of English critics, who seem to have accepted the likely enough theory that Cagney's voice would have rejoiced Will Shakespeare's heart and that no sounds are so purely Elizabethan as ye vowels uttered in the fastnesses of the Appalachians—or perhaps in the lobby of the Algonquin. Conversely, of course—though nobody says so—it hardly matters how 1594 spoke as long as, like the present Bottom, your modern actor has a "reasonable good ear in music." It is realised now that the American tongue has two very great simultaneous advantages over effete British-English: it preserves, unimpaired, the full savour of that Elizabethan speech which we ourselves once warbled in our palmy days and yet, alive and fluid, has the constant facility to invent quite new vivacities and vigour. Peel unctuous layers of sound off a B.B.C. announcer's voice and there, apparently, at the very centre of the artichoke, you find the modulated squeak of Miss Loretta Young; blushing somewhere interleaved, you may perhaps find decent speech.

No film is good because it is well acted; and to hitch a screen-play on to a star is itself the negation of cinema. The odd thing therefore about *Anna Karenina*, starring Greta Garbo, is that her fine performance raises it a point or two above Reinhardt's concoction. All the faults of Reinhardt's film (a director's film if ever there was one) are sincerely meant—and nothing if not original. *Anna Karenina* is a trite scenario, enfeebled and mismanaged in direction; even the climax of Anna's suicide beneath the train-wheels is hopelessly ineffective. Yet here is the best vehicle for Miss Garbo's talents that we have seen for many a long evening. All her recent screen-plays have been delivered bound and gagged into her bony hands, and she could do nothing with them except somehow retain

her own personality over and above the one they have manufactured for her. That was their only merit. But as Tolstoy's heroine she does more: she gives a consistently sensitive, intelligent and moving performance. A slow fire underlies her creation of Karenin's hapless wife, the pitiful mother of his son, and Vronsky's distracted lover: but it is authentic emotion smouldering there again, at last—sad and completely revealing. Basil Rathbone and Freddie Bartholomew, as the son and the husband acted creditably; whereas the usually dependable Fredric March was a puzzled Vronsky, incapable of standing on his own two feet amid the general lack of direction.

JOHN MARKS

TWO EXHIBITIONS

ROUAULT is an artist not easily appreciated. He is so intensely serious as to become at times positively forbidding. To make matters worse, his pictures are hardly come by for public exhibition. We should be grateful therefore to the Mayor Gallery for giving us this fair sample of one of the most important but less known of the Fauves. To most people, I believe, he still appeals as a psychologist, with, needless to say, an immense gift for purely plastic expression. And some years ago Roger Fry raised the question whether the same good fate was not likely to befall his pictures as has befallen those of other artists who, in their time, were admired chiefly as dramatists and psychologists—Greco for instance, whether the literary interest would not gradually evaporate, leaving behind a residue of pure aesthetic significance for the joy of picture-lovers who care nothing for obsolete fashions in religiosity or social satire. I cannot tell whether this process has yet begun because, for my part, I was always bored and irritated by Rouault's "tragic caricature." All I can say is that though it still bores it worries me less, which is I suppose a good sign. For the rest, it should be admitted that those who have a taste for psychology are likely to find plenty to interest them.

They will find also beautiful, subtle and expressive painting —expressive, I mean, of plastic values which have nothing to do with moral or intellectual issues. If they choose to compare the painting of the most important picture in this exhibition, *Figure* (*No.* 4), with that of the big picture in the Tate, they will note similarity in the manipulation of tones and the method of creating volumes; and then will probably be surprised to discover that almost a quarter of a century divides the two. Rouault, a contemporary of Matisse, had already found himself in 1905 (the date of his earliest picture in this exhibition) and since then his art has changed surprisingly little. In his latest work (e.g. *No.* 5) the influence of his earliest profession—he started as a stained glass maker—is still apparent. Still he makes use of those thick, black bands, which often have been compared with the emphatic black lines used by Matisse in his earlier work. As both were pupils of Gustave Moreau, often too it has been suggested, without any reason that I am aware of, that this was a technical trick picked up from their common master. And from here one goes on naturally enough to point out that, whereas Matisse used black lines for plastic and decorative purposes, to emphasise design or establish a particular rhythm, Rouault used them for psychological and dramatic ends, to add inhuman horror to his presentations of human nature. It may be so: but I sometimes wonder whether it would not be simpler to suppose that, having worked on stained-glass windows, he knew the value for decoration and design of heavy leading. Be that as it may, this combination of violence in outline with extreme subtlety of tones within, rarely fails to produce an impressive effect. Also, it must be confessed, this particular brand of impressiveness becomes a little monotonous. If, however, we were allowed to see more of Rouault's art, it is likely enough that we should find it more various than we could have supposed.

If, after submitting to the high seriousness of Rouault, you feel a craving for something lighter, you have only to walk along Piccadilly and across Leicester Square to the Leicester Galleries. Here the directors have had the bright idea of organising an exhibition of paintings of country houses by contemporary artists. All schools and classes have been made welcome; and works by a Royal Academician, a member of the Seven and Five, and an ex-Cabinet Minister may be seen hanging peacefully together. Thus some fifty artists have been provided with a holiday task which must have been pleasant and may well be profitable, for notoriously it is almost as difficult for the amateur to resist a portrait of his house as to resist a portrait of himself. Incidentally, the professional aesthete has been provided with an embarrassing situation.

He is embarrassed because he finds it well nigh impossible to consider the pictures as pictures should be considered, that is as combinations of lines and colours with a significance of their own. No sooner has he grasped the subject, itself a work of art, than he translates the painted forms back into architectural, and begins thinking about a house when he should be thinking about a picture. Mr. Ivon Hitchens' *Moatlands* was one of the very few before which I was able to preserve a pure palate. In his case the task imposed has been serviceable. The fault into which he, like other quasi-abstract painters, is most likely to fall is diffuseness. An esoteric problem too easily becomes imprecise; and a lack of precision in the problem too often leads to a lack of concentration in the execution. Here, however, no matter how long he may dwell over a prelude of boldly and beautifully related but only vaguely representative colour, the artist knows that at last he has got to give an intelligible account of his subject—the house; and this knowledge has conditioned every stroke in an admirable picture. Mr. Hitchens, who for some time has been promising, here gives the best that I have yet seen of his undeniable talent, and it may be hoped that those who have found his more abstract work unintelligible and therefore unconvincing will now find no difficulty in recognising it.

An inclination to translate paint into bricks and mortar tends to make the critic inattentive to the picture; it can make him unfair to the architecture as well. Probably Mr. Duncan Grant's picture of *Ham House* is one of the best in the show, since certainly Mr. Grant is about the best painter represented. But, far from lingering over his exquisite plum and mulberry tones, so hastily did I translate them into masonry, that, for seventeenth century brick and stone, I read "slippery bricks and synthetic granite"—materials dear to builders of "institutions" towards the end of last century. For a moment, Ham House had become a preparatory school, *circa* 1880.

Pleasing results are obtained by the juxtaposition of superficially similar works by men of dissimilar taste and temper. Thus Mr. Rex Whistler has chosen to portray the houses of his friends in that manner which he knows so well and wittily, the manner of an age when a nobleman's seat was becoming a gentleman's place, but was still far from turning into a week-end cottage. And hard by you have the pleasure of watching Mr. Algernon Newton, without the shadow of a bulge in his cheek, working in much the same convention. Mr. Allan Walton, typically, has discovered what must be the oddest looking beautiful house in England; and, as you may suppose, nothing of its charm or its oddity has been lost in the rendering. On the other hand, Mr. Sydney Lee, R.A. presents a Tudor house in Essex, no doubt as he sees it, and very probably as it is, i.e., as the gem of a Shakespearean garden suburb. It was another sort of pleasure to be pulled up by a small and unpretentious but surprisingly attractive picture of Collinstown Park, Dublin, and to discover that it was the work of a young and little known painter whom I had always thought promising, Miss Barbara Mackenzie-Smith. But, indeed, this exhibition is full of pleasures and surprises for all sorts of taste; also it is to be visited and enjoyed rather than discussed critically.

CLIVE BELL

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Black Eye" at the Shaftesbury

A vague and opinionated young man who is unable to pass his exams rescues his father's firm from bankruptcy by playing roulette with an ex-convict and investing his winnings on an outsider which wins at 33 to 1. Most immoral, no doubt, and improbable, but not impossible—and that is all the point that Mr. Bridie wishes to make. The copy-book maxims about no success being achieved without struggle are true only nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand. It is on the odd chance that Mr. Bridie has based his "novelette": it is his privilege as a dramatist to do so. And we should be prepared to accept the improbability of the premise if the deductions were interesting enough in themselves. Technically, *Black Eye* is only half a success. There is a regrettable streak of caprice and whimsicality in the author's trick of bringing his characters before the curtain during scene-changes to explain themselves. The expositions are neither effective nor particularly useful to the understanding, and they are frequently a bore. There are dull patches in the first half of the piece, and it is not until Mr. Samuel Samuels, the ex-convict (admirably played by Mr. Ralph Roberts), appears that the comedy really warms up. Stephen Haggard makes good use of his chances as George, but he will have to watch a tendency to stereotype, and even parody his familiar style. There were moments when his playing was absurdly youthful and ingenuous for a young man of strong will aged twenty-two. Jean Cadell and Morland Graham give two perfect character studies as his parents, and Joan White as a flapper sister is charmingly natural. Sympathy goes out to Miss Jill Esmond as a rich girl who seeks to manage the wayward young man.

"Two Within a Dwelling," St. James's

This play is chiefly memorable for the introduction to London of Mr. Wyndham Goldie, a young actor who has hitherto performed only in the provinces. The real advantages of hard work on the road are exemplified to the hilt in this brilliantly persuasive creation of what in most hands would be a dull part. This hulking Colonial married to a psychopathic is faced with the most difficult situations, for most of which he was completely unprepared, and Mr. Goldie's reactions to each problem were handled with a delicacy of conception and sureness of technique, for which he is entitled to the highest praise. The play which conceives a neurotic girl who in her saner moments wouldn't go to bed with anyone, and in her wilder ones dressed up as a prostitute and tore mushrooms off the grass, as they were just coming up, is possibly correct from a psychological point of view, but it seemed unlikely that if people were repellent to Lillia in her better periods that she could ever have attracted her healthy Canadian husband sexually. The new importation, Miss Grete Mosheim, is competent in the manner that Epstein is competent, who would not make a great stir on the Continent. Imported and well-advertised here she appears as a star, but any one of half a dozen English actresses could do the part just as well.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, October 18th—
"Ten Days that Shook the World" (Eisenstein's film "October"). Conway Hall, 2.15, 5.15 and 8.15. Also on October 19th.
Dr. G. P. Gooch on "Teaching of Citizenship through History," Morley College, 5.15.

SATURDAY, October 19th—
Children's Film Society. Paul Rotha will show "Great Cargoes," Everyman Cinema Theatre, 11.
London Concert Orchestra, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.

SUNDAY, October 20th—
Prof. F. Aveling on "The Solidarity of Science," Conway Hall, 11.
Prof. H. Levy on "Dialectics of War," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.

TUESDAY, October 22nd—
Pierre Ceresole on "The Work of the International Voluntary Service for Peace," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Sir James Jeans on "Scientific Progress," Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, 6.
Public Meeting on "Sanctions or War," Speeches by Dr. Maxwell Garnett, John Strachey, C. E. M. Joad and others, Hampstead Town Hall, 8.

WEDNESDAY, October 23rd—
Norman Haire on "Sex Acts and Sex Ethics," Conway Hall, 8.
"The Rivals," Kingsway Theatre.

THURSDAY, October 24th—
G. D. H. Cole on "What Socialist Planning Means," Friends Hall, Euston Road, 8.30.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

When the new volume arrives in its parcel, one has to endure the pang of farewell to current life that comes at the moment of going away on a visit. To open the new book is to begin life anew, with eternity in hand. But very soon, perhaps with its opening phrase, invariably during the course of the first half-page, one is aware of the author, self-described in his turns of phrase and his use of epithet and metaphor, and, for a while, oblivious of the underlying meaning in the interest of tracing the portrait, and therefore reluctant to read carefully and to write about the substance of the book rather than to paint a portrait of the author and leave his produce to be inferred. Presently there comes a weary sense of the mass of prose extending beyond this opening display, and the turning of leaves and reading of passages here and there; the appearance of alien elements, of quotations and gleaning of facts; at last the rising of a crowd of problems, at the centre of which stands the spectre of one's own ignorance. Nothing to hold to but a half-accepted doctrine: that the reviewer should treat a book as a universe, crediting each author with a certain uniqueness and originality rather than seeking, or devising, relationships and derivations. . . . And then the strangest of the experiences—the way, if one feels sure of one's opinion, one meets, in the interval between reading and writing, a clear and convincing expression of an alternative point of view, so that when it comes to write one must either include it and indicate its limitations, which are not always obvious, or leave it silently presiding, undisposed of.

This admirable analysis of my feelings at the moment and of all reviewers' difficulties, occurs in the latest addition to Miss Dorothy Richardson's novel-cycle "Pilgrimage," *Clear Horizon* (Dent and the Cresset Press, 7*s.* 6*d.*). The first volume was published in 1915; this is the eleventh.

* * *

In her analysis of reviewing, Miss Richardson has left out one point: the distinguished opinions quoted on the wrappers. Thus, one learns that H. G. Wells has written that:

The "Pilgrimage" books mark an epoch in the technical development of the novelist's art, a real and successful thrust towards a new reality and an intensity of rendering that has exerted a powerful influence upon a multitude of contemporary writers.

There are even stronger testimonials given by less convincing authorities and I seem to remember reading reviews saying much the same sort of thing ten, or fifteen, or twenty years ago. They seemed true then. But do they still seem so? In this latest volume Miriam is still living in the days of the Fabian Nursery and the Women's suffrage movement, is still driving about in hansom cabs, and she is still occupied with her love-affair with Hypo, which one cannot help feeling must have been equally irritating to both parties. In *Clear Horizon* Miriam breaks with him because she feels that his "world of becoming" does not include the fact of being, "the overwhelming, smiling hint, proof against all possible tests, provided by the mere existence of anything, anywhere." Perhaps that is why Miriam remains in the pre-war world, whilst Hypo, with his eye cocked on the future, is swept along. I have stressed the point that Miriam inhabits the world of a quarter of a century ago and seems doomed never to get past it, because we have to inquire whether her recording angel has remained equally static. Has she developed, or is she, near the end of her novel-cycle, still writing with the same technique, in the same style and with the same sensibility? One has only to read a few pages of *The Tunnel* (published in 1919) to see that very great changes have taken place since then. The pace is now much slower, for Miriam is now far more occupied with herself and less observant of other people, while the sentences have grown longer and more encumbered with dependent clauses. In fact Miss Richardson has developed along the same lines as Henry James, and Mr. Wells would be perfectly justified in comparing her now to "a hippopotamus picking up a pea."

* * *

But while Henry James's pea was a minutely exact observation of the social scene, Miss Richardson's is increasingly the "wimpled-water-dimpled, not-by-morning-matched face" of Narcissus-Miriam, or rather, not her face, but her feelings. In fact one feels there is a good deal of force in Hypo's criticism of Miriam: "You can't go through life feeling your own pulse." Miss Richardson is obviously a careful writer, yet her development has not been in the direction of greater sensibility in the use of language, or to a more polished prose style. Thus she can write in her last book but one, *Dawn's Left Hand*, of a dentist "mixing amalgam with the remains of his delighted smile." Miriam, and Miss Richardson also, belong to that most unfortunate generation of English women who laid the blame for all their earthly unhappiness on man—just as their male children, with equal fatuity, nowadays blame their mothers for all their own shortcomings. In *The Tunnel*, Miss Richardson gives a wonderful picture of this state of mind.

They despise women and they want to go on living—to reproduce—themselves. None of their achievements, no "civilisation," no art, no science can redeem that. There is no pardon possible for man. The only answer to them is suicide; all women ought to commit suicide.

I know several girls nowadays who have escaped that feeling altogether and who regard men either with indifference, or as a source of pleasure. But the habit of blaming men is engrained in Miriam, and Miss Richardson, who is chained to her as the innocent Jekyll was chained to the villainous Hyde, can only chronicle truthfully and never criticise. Nor can she record other people's feelings about Miriam. Everything has to be seen through Miriam's mind and the effect is rather like looking at life through a camera obscura, the view-finder of a camera—except that one can't either focus, or wipe the lens. The reader may easily become impatient or exasperated, or he may equally well become absorbed and fascinated. In fact if he reads steadily on, I think he is absolutely certain to be all four. To appreciate Miss Richardson one has to give oneself, to set aside as far as possible both one's sensibility to language and one's belief that a novel should contain some sort of plot, or problem, or finite tussle like a game of chess. Miss Richardson's series of books are a *state of being*, never of *becoming*, their value depends from moment to moment on what Miriam happens to be looking at. Thus I get a great deal of pleasure from the descriptions of the bustling life of the Wimpole dentists, of the comedy of the consumptive nurse Miss Dear and of the Baileys' boarding house in *Interim*.

Clear Horizon is however redeemed by the loved figure of Amabel, who is particularly amusing, when Miriam visits her in prison after a suffrage riot:

Two paces, and the figure emerged from the passage and, reaching the chair, placed a white hand upon its back and swung with a single graceful movement—It was Amabel! Unrecognisable in the large ill-made dress of chequered cotton, her hair hidden beneath a clumsy cap of the same material, set, as if to accentuate pathos, a little dismally askew, but now, since the gaze of the eyes beneath it, in becoming direct, had moved from incredulous amazement into a mingling of reproach and scorn, taking the part of an ironic commentator. But why all this drama? And *why*, in the presence of the wardress, this tragic, martyred air? It was not only the prison dress, it was also partly her desire to make an impressive entry in the character of a prisoner that had made her unrecognisable. After all, she was in a sense a hostess and oneself a visitor expecting to be welcomed. But the entry she had devised apparently precluded speech.

It is for these extremely comic about-turns in human relationship and for these sudden revelations of the absurd that I like to read Miss Richardson. She is a writer with an exceptional, personal sense of humour. As to her importance as an influence: doesn't she rather dispose of that in the passage I have quoted? "the reviewer should treat a book as a universe . . . rather than seeking relationships and derivations." Of course Miss Richardson has affinities: she belongs to the same development in literature as Mrs. Woolf and I fancy it is far more in the direct line of descent from Henry James and George Meredith than is usually recognised. But I think it is doubtful if Miss Richardson has had much influence on other writers—if she has it has been a very bad one. For the rule seems to be that one can pick up everything from another writer except his personal originality. And it is just that originality that is valuable in Miss Richardson.

DAVID GARNETT

AN AMERICAN STATESMAN

Dwight Morrow. By HAROLD NICOLSON. *Constable.* 18*s.*

This book is what one would expect from Harold Nicolson: a deep and beautifully finished piece of work. Mr. Nicolson, I understand, cannot write unless he soaks himself in the atmosphere of his subject, and it is a matter of fact that he went to the United States to write this biography, that he spent months with the Morrows, lived with the Lindberghs, and spent a long time in Mexico in order to get the "feel" of that part of Dwight Morrow's career. His picture of the working of the house of J. P. Morgan and Co., when it was the purchasing agent for the British and French governments during the world war, fills one with respect for Mr. Nicolson's grasp of detail and clear exposition. The book is well worth reading and keeping for that picture alone; and it is, I think, the only book which has given an intimate picture of such operations. In this respect one cannot have anything but admiration for this book.

As a critical biography, however, its virtues are its faults. Mr. Nicolson, I believe, was invited to the United States by the Morrow family itself to write this book. It was done to order, with Mr. Nicolson working in close touch with the Morrow family from start to finish. Under such conditions I do not see how it is humanly possible for any biographer, even such an honest, painstaking writer as Harold Nicolson, to do a sharply critical piece of work. My first reaction to it was that if there was another stroke of the bicycle pump Mr. Morrow would burst. That was before I penetrated deeper into the country and saw with what remarkable care Mr. Nicolson had assimilated the materials for his work. My astonishment at his ability to understand, simplify and make interesting those gigantic, enigmatic financial transactions of J. P. Morgan and Co. still remains. But so does my uneasiness. More than any biography I have read, this book raises the ancient question about all biographies: How much of it is great writer—how much great man?

Perhaps, if I give you a picture of Dwight Morrow through an average American's eyes it will help you to understand. Dwight Morrow was never a great public figure in the United States. We knew that he was a successful corporation lawyer; then, about a month before the world war, he became a partner of J. P. Morgan and Co. Some people were aware that he appeared as the champion of J. P. Morgan in somewhat successful propaganda for Morgan in connection with the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway finances. Morrow put that financial deal in a good light. But to the average American Dwight Morrow was an unknown figure until he went to Mexico in 1927. With its dollar diplomacy in the Caribbean and Mexico, one American government after another, protecting the interests of the bankers and American oil interests had succeeded in making all Latin America feel suspicious of Washington's real intentions. Shortly after the arrival of Dwight Morrow in Mexico City, the animosity and suspicion which that country traditionally felt for the United States began to die down. No one seemed to know exactly why; it just happened. Harold Nicolson says that Morrow inaugurated a new American policy towards Mexico and Latin America: conciliation instead of force. His exposition of Morrow's Mexican mission is the kernel and probably the most interesting part of this book. But it is here that Mr. Nicolson seems to have forgotten for a moment his sharply critical judgment. Just at the outbreak of the world war there had been a question of using force against Mexico. The U.S. had its troops strung out all along the Rio Grande. But a situation then faced the U.S. somewhat similar to the Abyssinian question. Army observers reported to Washington that any attempt to penetrate into Mexico meant that for something like twenty years the American army would have to be prepared to police the country, and there were such little items as disease and dysentery that would probably kill off more Americans than could Mexican bullets. It was also pointed out that the minute the first U.S. soldier crossed the Rio Grande, Villa, or whatever "bandit" happened to be at outs with the Government in Mexico City would immediately throw in his lot with that government—and a united Mexican front would meet the Gringo invasion. It was not Mr. Morrow who persuaded the American governments to abandon any thoughts of using force.

Again, one would like to have the Cuban opinion concerning the two loans which Dwight Morrow "arranged" for Cuba. These loans, which have been more often than not forced on the Latin American countries by New York bankers, have acquired rather a bad odour of late. Take the case of Haiti, for example.

The next time that Dwight Morrow held the American public eye was when he came as a delegate to that abysmal swindle, the 1929–30, so-called London Naval Disarmament Conference. Mr. Nicolson says that this conference "saved Great Britain an expenditure of some £60,000,000, it saved the United States some $500,000,000, and Japan some £13,500,000." Whereas what actually happened as a result of that conference was that the French doubled their fleet under the Statute Navale, the Italians would have had to quadruple theirs if they wanted to get the equality they demand with the French, the United States entered the conference with a naval building budget of $50,000,000 a year—and came out of it with one of $200,000,000 for the next five years; the British would have to double their building appropriations for replacements alone; and the Japs were the only ones who saved money by it, simply because they came in with an overlapping building budget due to the fact that they had been building against the next Naval Conference ever since they left the Washington Naval Conference of 1922. Not a single naval question was settled at that conference. Instead of abolishing submarines it legalised a new super-class of submarine such as the French "Surcof," with a 6in. gun, aeroplane hangar, and an ability to cruise from Toulon to Tahiti under one charge of fuel—positively a submersible cruiser. It did nothing whatever to allay Franco-Italian rivalry. In fact, it sharpened it. The British were the only people who did any real disarmament, agreeing to reduce their fleet by 96,000 tons—with an escape clause. The Americans increased the size of their fleet by 148,000 tons. And, in broadcasting to the United States the hypothetical savings they were effecting in scrapped tonnage (paper or real) the Americans actually counted in one ship which had not turned a propeller since the Spanish-American war. At this conference Mr. Morrow, according to Mr. Nicolson

> . . . would seize Prime Ministers by their coat lapels and tug at their attention; he would dig Ambassadors in the ribs; he would stand upon the curb of his fireplace, puffing an unlit pipe, fumbling for matches, losing his eyeglasses, losing his papers, losing his every possession except his possession of the argument. He would interview irate admirals, curling up on the sofa, nursing his little foot, twisting paper spills into his ear, twinkling with brilliance and benignity. . . .

And it was Morrow who, when the treaty had to be cast into final shape, was appointed chairman of the drafting committee.

If you know anything about the London Naval Conference, read this chapter first and then go back and begin to read the book. And do not forget that the Japs came to London determined to get 70 per cent. equality with the United States in the 8in. gun cruiser class—and they got it.

This book is not in the same street with *Lord Carnock*, *Peacemaking*, or *Curzon, The Last Phase*. And that is the pity of it. For, as Nicolson has shown so unmistakably in this beautiful etching, Dwight Morrow *was* a noble and good man. His tragedy was that in the United States of his time he did not have the opportunity or make full use of himself. I covered the London Naval Conference; and I remembered with what relief we greeted the name of Morrow as one of the chief delegates—there, at least, was not a "stuffed shirt." And I remember our chagrin and disappointment when we realised that Morrow was, after all, only a U.S. delegate. The circumstances were too much for him. Nicolson shows what a fine lovable character the man himself was. It is a great pity that he is dead. If he were alive the Republicans would have at least one man who, on character alone, they could run against Roosevelt to-day. Dwight Morrow would have made a good President of the United States. If he had lived to do this Harold Nicolson might have given us one of the best biographies of our time.

NEGLEY FARSON

TWO ANGLO-CATHOLICS

The Life of Charles Gore. By G. L. PRESTIGE, D.D. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

Viscount Halifax: Part One, 1839–1885. By J. G. LOCKHART. *Bles.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

For the greater part of the reading public theological controversy has lost its fascination, and it is difficult to know exactly what has taken its place. There are, of course, a happy few who respond to the name of Trotsky as excitedly as their grandfathers did to the names of Hampton or of Colenso, but the subjects of controversy in the contemporary press are mostly of a tedious frivolity. Neither in the dignity of the issues nor in the ingenuity

of the arguments which they provoke can the Youth Movement or body-line bowling compare with the Gorham Judgment or the Jerusalem Bishopric. (Where Mr. Gladstone wrote about Homer, Mr. Baldwin praises Mary Webb.) Even the Established Church, in so far as she is represented by the majority of her bishops, seems often less concerned with doctrinal truth than with what the public wants. It must, however, be observed that a very high proportion of the most devoted, self-sacrificing and effective clergy are extreme Anglo-Catholics, who abate nothing of their doctrine. In fact, there seems to be usually a ratio between works and dogma. The life of Bishop Gore goes to support this hypothesis, for it would be difficult, I fancy, to find among his contemporaries any Broad Churchman who was conspicuous at once for such ability, such courage, and such saintliness.

Charles Gore was born in 1853 of an aristocratic Whig Family. (He was a great-grandson of the Lady Bessborough who wrote such enchanting letters to her lover, Lord Granville Leveson-Gower.) After a Harrow and Balliol education he was ordained, and at the age of thirty-one became the first Principal of Pusey House. Soon afterwards he shocked some of Pusey's most fervent followers by his temerarious contribution to *Lux Mundi*. He became first Superior of a semi-monastic foundation, the Community of the Resurrection; and, in 1901, immediately after making a strong public protest against the barbarous methods employed in the Boer War by the Government, he was made Bishop of Worcester by the head of that Government, Lord Salisbury—an appointment the more sensational because at that time the chief city in the diocese was Birmingham, the headquarters of Mr. Chamberlain. Later he became Bishop of the newly constituted diocese of Birmingham, and then Bishop of Oxford. He resigned his see in 1919, and died in 1932.

Politically he was consistently on the left. He spoke in the House of Lords in favour of Welsh Disestablishment; he founded the Christian Social Union for the furtherance of social justice—"We must identify ourselves with the ideal of socialistic thought." And during the Labour Demonstrations of 1887 he gaily remarked, "It's a pity they didn't loot the West End." Indeed, with his friend, Scott Holland, he started among Anglo-Catholics a current of political radicalism which still is powerful.

Theologically he may be described as a Liberal Catholic; he believed with heart and mind in both reason and traditional Christianity, and, like Lord Acton, did not conceive that there could ever be a contradiction between them. He accepted the fact that the framers of the Prayer Book, with its Catholic Liturgy and its Protestant articles, intended the Church of England to be comprehensive; but he had very firm notions about the permissible limits of comprehensiveness. Indeed, the more spirited Anglo-Catholics in his diocese complained with reason that their "Catholic" Bishop forbade rites and devotions which some of his "Protestant" colleagues permitted. And it may be argued that while calling himself a Catholic, he took it upon himself in a most Protestant way to decide what doctrines and practices were Catholic. This inconsistency, of course, was not his fault—it was forced upon him by his situation. Anglo-Catholics believe in obedience to authority, but the authority which they admit has lost its voice since the Eastern Schism. Consequently they frequently have been found differing among themselves, and in rebellion against the most obvious authority, that of their own ordinary. Gore himself believed in the corporate authority of the Anglican bishops, but he found the bishops very unready to act corporately. He would implore the Archbishop to exert his powers, but Dr. Davidson was a great statesman rather than a consistent theologian:

> I go and lam at him for half an hour and he says, "I must admit there is a great deal in what you say." But as soon as I have cut and run, he lapses back again to where he was before.

Dr. Prestige gives a good picture of him, "a rather shabby-looking figure, standing on the summit of Lambeth Bridge against a sombre sunset, shaking his fist at Lambeth Palace, to the open-mouthed astonishment of passing Londoners, and crying: 'As for the Bishops, they are hopeless; I have done with them.'"

Acute as was the distress repeatedly caused him by the refusal of the Church of England to live up to his particular notions, his sense of proportion seems never to have been lost. He was a man of extraordinary goodness, and the gravest weakness revealed in this book is an almost unscrupulous tendency to offer his resignation when he could not get his way. He was genuinely humble, but he was very far from being a fool; and he knew this threat must end the discussion.

The figure which emerges from this book inspires affection as well as respect, for Dr. Prestige has been careful to give us the mannerisms peculiar to the Bishop:

> A common friend had had the naughtiness to say that "Gore is sure to get on; he is eloquent and well-connected." Gore really had no ambition to "get on," and detested the mere idea of doing so by means of private influence. "It is quite intolerable," he would retort, whenever the offensive prophecy was reproduced; "you are a perfect beast." And between indignation and laughter he wriggled and squirmed from head to foot.

The official biographer of a bishop must inevitably temper candour with discretion, but one gets the impression that celibacy came easily to Gore, and that he was never very powerfully attracted to women. He emerges, however, as one of the most human as well as one of the most high-minded figures of his time. Great personal charm, great generosity, a good intellect, wide culture, considerable aesthetic sensibility and a pretty sense of humour were in him united to a mystical devotion to God and a passion for social justice. This is a very good book about a very nice man.

A comparison between Bishop Gore and Lord Halifax would be interesting, but Mr. Lockhart's admirable book covers only the first half of Lord Halifax's life. He died only last year, and he could remember Metternich and Princess Lieven. Like Gore, he came from aristocratic Whig stock: he was a nephew of Lord Durham, and his father, Sir Charles Wood, served in Cabinets of Lord John Russell, Lord Aberdeen, and Lord Palmerston. His tutor at Eton was William Johnson Cory, and a letter written by the fourteen-year-old schoolboy gives a very amusing picture of the poet:

> Brownrigg has had his uncle killed at the Alma. His father is also out there. My tutor, in the coolest way (we were talking about the war and I was saying I should not like to have anyone I cared about at Sebastopol) said, "A fine thing to have one's father out there." I replied, "Too fine to be pleasant." "Nonsense, nonsense," he answered, "a sublime thing to be waiting to know whether your father was dead or not." My tutor wishes he were a soldier in the Crimea and envies his old pupils their glory. *Fancy* my tutor with his bow legs and blind eyes, and hat on the back of his head, marching up to attack Sebastopol!

From Eton he went to Christ Church (and it was while he was an undergraduate that Newman submitted to Rome). He remained a fervent devotee of Oxford, and later in his life remarked: "I think for a man to have been educated at Cambridge is the biggest handicap that he could be called on to endure."

At Eton he had been one of the serious and well-connected boys chosen by the Prince Consort as companions for the Prince of Wales, and formed a warm friendship with him. (Lord Halifax used to tell a pathetic story of the Prince as a boy visiting Napoleon III in Paris and saying to him, "I should like to be your son.") This friendship resulted in his appointment as Groom of the Bedchamber, when the Prince married. But already he was profoundly religious; looking at an early portrait of him, Browning exclaimed, "This is the face of a Francis Xavier!" And soon he was called upon to make a decisive choice. The English Church Union, representing the Anglo-Catholic party, elected him president. His father was horrified: in the eyes of the old Whig to become a ritualist must have been worse than marrying an actress, almost as bad as cheating at cards. The E.C.U. positively supported law breaking, for this was the time of Disraeli's ridiculous Public Worship Regulation Act. Having to choose between the E.C.U. and the Bedchamber, the young Wood chose the E.C.U. And when later he succeeded to the viscounty, he altered the family motto to, "I like my choice." Of course he liked it. Though personally attached to the Prince, he shared few of his tastes; and one may say without cynicism that religion and even ecclesiastical controversy are more satisfactory pursuits than racing and baccarat. His more important activities as President of the E.C.U. are reserved for Mr. Lockhart's second volume, but mention is made here of his continuous opposition to the Deceased Wife's Sister Bills, an opposition which seems unduly rigorous since theologians have decided that such marriages are not a breach of natural law, and the claim of the Church to impose ecclesiastical law upon those who are not of her flock is exorbitant.

Here is one more anecdote from one of Lord Halifax's letters, after a journey to France with Lord Beauchamp in 1876:

> In mid-Channel Beauchamp had a ceremony. He had carried a brown paper parcel all the way in his hand which he confided to me was an improper book he had confiscated out of the Porter's chair in Belgrave Square three years before and the destruction of which had been weighing on his mind ever since. Why he did not burn

WINTER SHELL

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it I cannot imagine, but he appears to have thought *mid-Channel* a better destination for so vile a book, and accordingly to mid-Channel the book was consigned.

It is apparent, I hope, that not only those who have the good fortune to enjoy theological controversy, but all students of the English nineteenth century will find these books interesting. They are free alike from the disingenuous pomposity which spoiled most Victorian biographies and from the effervescent vulgarity which is fashionable to-day. RAYMOND MORTIMER

A GREAT AMERICAN THINKER

Thorstein Veblen and His America. By JOSEPH DORFMAN. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

Veblen's name, writings and reputation as a social economist are scarcely known in this country. Even in America, where he spent his life, he never obtained the recognition he deserved as an original thinker, except among a small group of intellectuals in revolt against the political, economic and cultural domination of the reigning plutocracy. One book of his, *The Theory of the Leisure Class*, found its way into a wider reading circle even in England, though its exploratory wisdom lost some of its appeal because of the protective colouring of a certain linguistic humour.

Mr. Dorfman's account of Veblen and his writings is a fine performance which shows us as much of this curiously secretive personality as is attainable, and makes an extremely able and thorough exposition of his thinking. The first general reflection it evokes from the reader will be one of surprise that so deeply "dangerous" a thinker should have had so full a fling in a country where dangerous thinking is supposed to be suppressed by legal or illegal force or by academic censure. For Veblen's core of thought from his earliest to his latest utterances was a devastating criticism and indictment of capitalism in its central pecuniary fortress. His intellectual starting-point was not indeed in the economic realm. A Norwegian, born in a Norwegian Settlement in the Middle West, he was despatched by his father at the age of seventeen to a second-rate college to be equipped as a clergyman. The education he got there was chiefly of his own choosing and was got from browsing in a large library where he laid the foundations of his encyclopedic knowledge. Languages, anthropology, mathematics, fragments of the natural sciences, especially biology, and above all, philosophy, engaged his omnivorous mind and filled his capacious memory. But behind all this lay his early practical experience of the economic situation of a farming community passing under the sway of the railroads, the packers and the country bankers. All his philosophic thinking and his other cultural equipment soon took its place as food for a mind more and more devoted to an economic interpretation of the social institutions, industrial, political, educational, religious, of the America presented to the eyes of an alien but deeply interested spectator. Two not easily related thoughts dominated his economic criticism, that of the instinct of craftsmanship, impaired but never destroyed by the technique of routine mass-production, and that of the growing divergence between the "engineer" or craftsman and the financier who in the last generation had taken control of the machinery of production in order to utilise it for profiteering. Veblen indicts the financier upon two charges, that of manipulating the credit structure of business by "dynastic corporations" engaged in amalgamations and reconstructions which enlarged the pecuniary capital without adding anything of productive value, and that of sabotaging the real productivity of capital and labour by keeping down the working efficiency in order to make higher profits out of a restricted output. In order to pursue this policy the investment banker and his financial kin must concentrate upon the control of land and the "key industries," on which monopoly power over the dependent processes can be established. "Absentee ownership" is the name Veblen bestowed upon this insidious procedure, and it appears to include the most innocent forms of investment as non-productive. The political and legal systems with their traditional stress on property rights (irrespective of how those rights are obtained) lend active or passive support to the financial dominion. The religious authority is a staunch ally, partly by diverting criticism from the equities of this world into those of another and a better world, partly because of its dependence upon charitable riches for its maintenance. Veblen penetrates into every field of social activity, with his economic interpretation showing how all social values and occupations are influenced consciously or unconsciously by the pecuniary spirit. Especially severe is his exposure of the controls of "the Higher Learning in America" as illustrated by the government and administration of universities and colleges, a subject to which he brings much first-hand knowledge.

This brief account of his central activities can, however, give but little indication of the wealth of thought, often diving into early European history, which he utilises for his modern theses. Mr. Dorfman's full and able discussions of Veblen's tortuous processes give the reader an amazing and often amusing picture of this intriguing personality and of his rich contribution to the thought of his time.

Though Veblen's devastating criticism of the dominant financier may not be applicable fully to this country, those who admit what is called "the collapse of capitalism" in Europe will do well to pay close attention to its causation in America.

J. A. HOBSON

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GENTLEMEN v. PLAYERS

Proletarian Pilgrimage. By JOHN PATON. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Theatre of Life: 1863–1905. By LORD HOWARD OF PENRITH. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 21*s.*

Proletarian Pilgrimage describes the early life of its author, who was born in an Aberdeen slum, and worked in Aberdeen or Glasgow as printer's devil, barber's assistant, hairdresser, milkman, and traveller in ready-made false teeth. During the war he was running a beauty parlour; afterwards, trade depression shook that enterprise, and intolerance gave it the *coup de grâce*, so "at the age of thirty-three I began a new life into which I could throw myself heart and soul: as an organiser for the I.L.P., I became a 'professional agitator.'"

There is first-rate material in Mr. Paton's early experiences (it seems wrong to call them struggles, he was so energetic and capable, so certain to make his way). The book has no charm, which makes it uphill work for a chapter or two; it has not exactly brilliance, but its downright narrative soon takes hold of

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one. There is nothing vague or touched-up in this working-class world; you feel you have a real section of life to bite on. The writer has humour, too, not in exuberance, but just enough for a seasoning: take his account of the visit of Dr. Aveling (Karl Marx's son-in-law) to the Aberdeen I.L.P.:

> He'd made it known . . . that he must be lodged in a hotel; not for him the working-class hospitality provided for the ordinary speaker. It proved unexpectedly difficult to find a member willing to meet him at the train, but finally the problem was solved by appointing half a dozen. . . . They'd a feeling of safety in numbers.
>
> The doctor turned out to be even more difficult than they'd imagined. He was extremely fashionably attired . . . and highly supercilious in his manner. It was he who received the group, with rather an air of royal patronage. He . . . decided that they should accompany him to his hotel for a little refreshment. They were too overcome to think of a plausible excuse for declining.
>
> When the drinks were served the waiter hovered expectantly; the doctor paused a moment in his conversation, and let his eye rove consideringly over his guests. His finger pointed suddenly at one of our number, a stonemason, and he announced decisively—"And you'll pay. As I was saying . . ."

The character of the hero, as it emerges, is typical though by no means commonplace: an ambitious young man, eager-minded and passionately addicted to self-help, honest but not squeamish, aggressively independent, and well supplied with self-confidence, not to say conceit. (Since that time, age and perhaps success appear to have mellowed him considerably.) For such a young man, "the movement" was clearly just the thing; and one feels a sympathetic thrill on his discovery of the Clarion Club, whose discussions he "lived for from week to week." But when the faith becomes a Church, and Mr. Paton decides to make a living by it, then one's sympathy declines; so does one's interest, and it seems quite right the book should end there.

Like *Proletarian Pilgrimage*, *Theatre of Life* describes the first half of its author's career, and again the writer is typical—an unusually good specimen of a distinct class. Beyond that, the contrast is exquisitely complete. Mr. Esmé Howard was, in the phrase of his favourite author, "a tee'd ball"—a member of the old nobility, born to want for nothing, and plentifully provided with relatives in every kind of eminent position all over the globe. Comparisons are inevitable, and to what do they tend?

Well, in the first place the slums have produced, on the whole, a better book: Lord Howard's is pleasant reading, but it has not the grip of *Proletarian Pilgrimage*. Nor is that, I think, altogether a question of material, or of individual talent.

Lord Howard was writing primarily for his sons. In the Foreword he says to them:

> One thing . . . I wish to make clear. This book, such as it is, is intended for you and your children.
>
> If it should ever be read by anyone outside the family circle, and should be considered by them to be trivial, uninteresting, in bad taste or dull, that will not trouble me. It may very well be all these things.
>
> But if it gives you any satisfaction I shall be well content.

That seems to me a key statement. Lord Howard has at least some idea that his book will be published, but he does not feel it important to make a good job of it. "The family circle" is what matters to him; he is an amateur in literature—and to some extent in life.

As a result, his book *is* partly trivial; it has the customary social side, acknowledgments of kindness, mild little anecdotes of the great, etc., and its style, though readable enough, is too insipid to give actual pleasure. On the other hand, Mr. Esmé Howard's experience embraced three continents; he knew something of war and government, of Rome and Berlin, Mashonaland and South America. Having seen far more than the young John Paton, he had wider sympathies, and would never have tried to dismiss a complicated situation in the parrot-jargon of a militant sect. His basic indifference to all beyond the "family circle" was by no means insolent; on the contrary, whereas John Paton was constantly having rows and being "damnably rude," Mr. Esmé Howard would not quarrel even with the quarrelsome. One of the pleasantest passages in his book is about the Australians with whom he went gold-prospecting.

> Low, a born Australian . . . was a violent Radical and Republican. . . . He mocked at all religion, at monarchy, at all class differences . . . in fact, at everything which was outside his own rather narrow circle of experience and acquaintance. . . . Next came Anderson, an old Swede who had been for years in Australia, and thought there was nothing to compare with it. From the first he made up his mind that South Africa was no country for him. He used to drop his "h's," though where he had learnt this, being a Swede, I can't understand. . . . We of course used to discuss South African affairs at enormous length over the camp-fire, and old Anderson, like a Greek chorus at the end, would always sum up the situation by saying: "Well, it's an 'orrible bloody country anyhow." . . . Finally there was Mr. Fox . . . he was despised and always referred to with contempt by the others because he had been a schoolmaster in New Zealand, and was therefore considered to be a useless product of a refined and effete civilisation.

They used to argue hotly on religion and politics night after night, but nevertheless "got on remarkably well together," and it is not difficult to imagine why: Mr. Howard was far removed from the need for class hatred and self-assertion. These discussions he calls his university—just what the Clarion Club discussions were to Mr. Paton. It is interesting to reflect on the differences.

Mr. Howard was no less conscientious than good-tempered, and he had an aesthetic sense, which gives us some charming pages of scenery. (Beauty, like charm, is completely absent from *Proletarian Pilgrimage*.) But in aesthetics as in everything else he is an amateur; his remarks about Stevenson seem to me curiously typical—"the great R. L. S., who has remained one of my favourite authors; one, indeed, of the very few, some of whose books I have read twice or even three times." What *is* that milky quality, that bewildering innocence, of the "best people"? They are living in another world, in the "family circle," and real contact with them seems impossible, good and charming though they are. Mr. Esmé Howard did not, like young Mr. Paton, wear blinkers that cut off everything but the road ahead; but instead there was a curious, and to us baffling, inability to focus—or at least it seems so. Comparing his book with *Proletarian Pilgrimage*, one is tempted to decide, perhaps irrationally, that a place in the crowd, a fair struggle for the shilling gallery, are more to be wished for than "all the blood of all the Howards." That is, for one's own pleasure: for the pleasure and comfort of others, the more Howards the better.

K. JOHN

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THE LAWYER IN POLITICS

War Memoirs of Robert Lansing. *Rich and Cowan.* 18*s.*

This volume is much more suited to the specialist in diplomatic history than to the general reader. It is an account, as straightforward as its author, of his activities while Secretary of State; it contains little that is new in significance save for minor details, and it can hardly pretend to be profound. Mr. Lansing rarely had views of any special interest on any theme; he thought, as he spoke, the obvious and conventional thing in the obvious and conventional way. He saw the war as a simple and straightforward conflict between democracy and autocracy, and the possibility of any deeper significance altogether escaped him. He was a tenacious person, careful of American legal rights, loyal to his principles, accurate and scrupulous. He had a certain mild and not unpleasing vanity, a profound sense of the great drama in which he played a part, and considerable shrewdness in handling both persons and things. His book displays this; but, apart from certain memoranda, of assistance to the historian and the international lawyer, it does not display much more.

Most of the things he reports of the men he met say only the things it has become customary for men in his position to say. That Lord Balfour talked well, that Viviani was jealous of Joffre who was a sterling character, that Count Bernstorff had ability and adroitness, these insights do not really rise much above the level of the commonplace. Mr. Lansing is far more interesting on American relations with Russia. He had insight enough to suspect the error of Senator Root's enthusiasm for the Kerensky Government. But the attainment of power by the Bolsheviks obviously baffled him completely. He could not understand them because there was nothing in their philosophy which corresponded with his experience and, clearly enough, the wisdom of understanding socialism (he thought Mr. George Creel, the President's pressman, a Socialist!) never occurred to him. In a muddled way, he thought that Lenin and Trotsky represented the Jacobin epoch of the Revolution, but he assumed that they must necessarily be followed by a military dictator. He says nothing to explain the fantastic position of Bakhmeteff, the Ambassador whom America recognised for years, though he had no Government behind him, and though he describes him as "heartless and savage" and tells us that he had no loyalty except to the Tsar. He quotes the famous greeting of America to the Russian Revolution without any comment upon its later implementation.

One comment is worth quoting as an example of the lawyer in action in politics. Mr. Lansing dwells at length upon the difficulties with Great Britain over neutral rights before the entrance of America into the war. These had not been solved by April 6th, 1917; and Mr. Lansing explains how the "reward" of the policy of not pressing them to a conclusion was reaped. "We adopted," he says (p. 276), "many of the measures of which we had complained (without, however, asserting their legality) because Great Britain had found them effective in isolating the Central Powers." The clause in brackets is, I think, the best possible index to Mr. Lansing's mind.

H. J. LASKI

COMPLEXITY

Some Versions of Pastoral. By WILLIAM EMPSON. *Chatto and Windus.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

With Mr. Empson it is sometimes difficult to know where to begin. His poetry is so self-enclosed, so perfectly and primly circular, that for most readers it will probably always remain inaccessible—a distant island in the traffic. As a critic he is somewhat less difficult. *Seven Types of Ambiguity* contained—besides its intricate theoretical pattern—some excellent criticism of Shakespeare and the Metaphysicals, and of poetry in general. The term "ambiguity" was used to cover "any consequence of language, however slight, which adds some measure to the direct statement of prose": thus, in Mr. Empson's reckoning, an italicised word or an exclamation mark might count for a good deal. But if the terms of the inquiry were vague, the treatment was not. His analysis of poetic meaning was, however elaborate, precise; and from almost any line of poetry, even the simplest, he was able to flake off one meaning after another like sheets of mica. At times the effect of this method was to over-emphasise the latent contribution of language at the expense of its surface value; not so much to read into poetry meanings that were not

there, as to change those meanings by making them explicit. Thus the more he analysed a line or a poem the farther he got from its original impact. That is the chief objection to Mr. Empson's method, and no doubt he is well aware of it. He begins where most critics leave off—*after* the poem has been enjoyed and understood in the usual sense. If any defence of his practice were needed—and all criticism tends to substitute itself for the object criticised—it would be that he is operating in a fresh and vitally interesting field, and that by his particular means he is able to exhibit a network of communications between author and reader and one sort of poetry and another of which otherwise we should have been unaware.

Needless to say, these connections, even when they have been exposed by Mr. Empson, are complicated and often dubious. Hence, perhaps, some stretching of sense when he employs such terms as "ambiguity" and "pastoral." These signposts do not point in one direction. We find after reading his first book that "ambiguity" has come to denote almost any use of words for poetical effect; and in the present volume "pastoral" has been extended to include Shakespeare's sonnets and *Alice in Wonderland*. In its most general sense—"the process of putting the complex into the simple"—it could also be made to apply to Strindberg's suburban householders, Conrad's sailors, and Balzac's aristocrats. Mr. Empson avoids even mentioning the more straightforward forms of pastoral—in Spenser and Hardy, for example—and this flight from the obvious seems to me a weakness, because it deprives his book of the norm which it so plainly needs. He deals only with exceptions, with remote variations. It is all very well for Mr. Empson to say that "the same trick of thought . . . is followed through a historical series," but when we learn that the subjects of his essays are the use of the double-plot in Elizabethan drama, a sonnet of Shakespeare, Marvell's *Garden*, Milton and Bentley, *The Beggar's Opera*, and *Alice in Wonderland*, the sequence of Mr. Empson's ideas is not at all obvious. He only hints at a historical framework—the development from simple pastoral to ironic pastoral, the interaction of pastoral and heroic, for example—and I have read his book twice in an attempt to discover, or deduce, some sort of outline. The essays remain separate: facets chosen here and there, it would seem, for their unexpectedness, as though a piecemeal non-conformity were in itself more valuable than a general view. You cannot read this book for a clear account of the pastoral in English as you can Mr. Wyndham Lewis's *The Lion and the Fox* for its account of the Shakespearean hero. Mr. Empson has a more specifically literary talent, which tends to shy away from broad ideas, to light up a corner and leave it at that. In order to show what he calls the "twist of heroic pastoral ideas into an ironical acceptance of aristocracy" he confines himself to a single Shakespeare sonnet; he writes, not about Milton, but about Bentley's emendations of Milton and Zachary Pearce's emendations of Bentley; he chooses *The Beggar's Opera* for an elaborate and often profound disquisition on irony; *Alice in Wonderland* is interpreted by means of a semi-Freudian analysis. What links them together is not so much the vague conception of pastoralism as the uniformity of Mr. Empson's method.

He writes a blend of psychological dissection and social criticism; literary evaluation (though he possesses unerring tact) is not usually his chief purpose. We know that he admires a particular author because he writes about him with enthusiasm and knowledge. Some degree of complexity, too, in his subject seems necessary to his enjoyment; and the reader will be surprised to find that Marvell or Lewis Carroll, in the hands of this critic, can appear very complex indeed. How many readers, I wonder, have noticed the double meaning of the well-known lines at the end of the sixth verse of *The Garden*:

> Annihilating all that's made
> To a green thought in a green shade,

which, as Mr. Empson points out, means "either reducing the material world to nothing material, i.e. to a green thought, or considering the material world as of no value compared to a green thought—either contemplating everything or shutting everything out." The point of this contradiction, he argues, is not that the two meanings are essentially different, but that, so far as the poet has achieved his state of ecstasy, they are combined—a state of mind comparable, he suggests, to the Buddhist state of enlightenment. The union of opposed ideas, by ambiguity, punning or other means, is of course one of the most powerful effects of poetry; and Mr. Empson seizes this effect in many contexts where we should not have suspected its existence. (He notices,

A Nursery of Talent

By EDWARD ANTON

I WAS permitted to read, recently, a letter from a man who has won for himself within the past few years a sure place among the acknowledged able writers of the present time. If I were at liberty to mention his pseudonym every reader would immediately recognize it as that of a writer whose contributions to magazine journalism are unfailingly attractive.

Yet it is only three or four years since this now successful man was struggling vainly for recognition. He could not get his work accepted. To-day he has forgotten what it is to have a MS. rejected and, indeed, is frequently commissioned for articles and stories.

In his letter he makes a very frank avowal of what has led to this desirable change from constant failure to constant success. He says that he sought an interview with Sir Max Pemberton at the London School of Journalism. He speaks warmly of his progress "since that auspicious day" and does not grudge to attribute all his subsequent success to the assistance and advice he received from Sir Max and from the School. He was, in fact, in the same position as many another—charged with interesting experiences, reminiscences and ideas, but without the knowledge of how to set them forth in a style suitable for publication. He had, as one may say, a wealth of excellent raw material but did not know how to use it with effect.

His experience is by no means a solitary one. I have frequently seen in a single issue of many of our best magazines and journals as many as three or four names which I recognized as those of students of the L.S.J.—men and women who "had it in them" to write but required competent guidance.

In this way the London School of Journalism has proved itself a real nursery of talent—a School which has earned the applause of the Press for the thoroughness of its work and its success in enabling would-be writers to win their spurs.

It is not always the hope of additional income which is responsible for the desire to write. There are, of course, many for whom money is the primary object and, judging from what I have seen, these manage to make a very fair income by spare-time writing; but equally, there are many whose chief desire is to give to the reading public their own store of experience, knowledge, or thought either in the form of article or of story. And, for such, the methods employed by the School are ideal, being in effect special instruction upon lines which are adapted to the needs of the individual, and *not* just a general and stereotyped plan. Thus each student of the L.S.J. receives what is tantamount to careful private coaching, with a competent instructor who helps him along lines which most interest him and for which he is best suited.

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for example, in *The Beggar's Opera* the curious identification, in a number of phrases, of the ideas of love and hanging.) The whole of this essay on Marvell is an acute and learned piece of analysis—from which we may turn back in alarm to the poem he has been dealing with.

He treats *The Beggar's Opera* even more elaborately. If you want to test his book, perhaps this would be the best essay to start on: the remoteness of its reflections from your own enjoyment of that opera may either attract or infuriate you; it will give you at once the measure of Mr. Empson's complexity and the use to which he can put it for sustained generalisation. It seems to me an excellent example of his type of criticism, at times fantastically removed from the atmosphere of its subject, yet in itself valuable and true. The irony he discovers may not be always specifically Gay's, nor is *The Beggar's Opera* perhaps quite the isolated juncture of mock-heroic and mock-pastoral (the double-plot of the Elizabethan drama) that he makes it out to be. In the following passage he "places" it both in its own time and as a form of art:

> Clearly it is important for a nation with a strong class-system to have an art-form that not merely evades but breaks through it, that makes the classes feel part of a larger unity or simply at home with each other. This may be done in odd ways, and as well by mockery as admiration. The half-conscious purpose behind the magical ideas of heroic and pastoral was being finely secured by *The Beggar's Opera* when the mob roared its applause, both against and with the applause of Walpole.
>
> One of the traditional ideas at the back of the hero was that he was half outside morality, because he must be half outside his tribe in order to mediate between it and God, and it and Nature. (In the same way the swain of pastoral is half Man, half "natural." The corresponding idea in religion is that Christ is the scapegoat.) This in a queer way was still alive in the theatre; no perversion of human feeling might not be justified in the Restoration tragic hero, because he was so ideal, and the Restoration comic hero was a rogue because he was an aristocrat. The process of fixing these forms into conventions, the Tragedy of Admiration and the comedy of the predatory wit, undertaken because the forms had come to seem unreal, for some reason brought out their primitive ideas more sharply. Now, on the one hand, this half-magical view seemed to the Augustans wicked as well as ridiculous; all men were men; they had just put down the witch-burnings; to a rational pacificism Marlborough and Alexander were bullies glorified by toadies. On the other hand, they were Tory poets, and the heroic tradition, always royalist (the king's divine right made the best magical symbol), had died on their hands. The only way to use the heroic convention was to turn it on to the mock-hero, the rogue, the man half-justified by pastoral, and the only romance to be extracted from the Whig government was to satirise it as the rogue. The two contradictory feelings were satisfied by the same attitude.

And farther on, discussing Gay's irony, he observes that "the songs can afford to be metaphysical poetry in spite of their date because they are intended to be comically 'low.'"

The passage I have quoted is so admirably concise and relevant that I find myself wondering again why it is that in all of these essays there is a point beyond which Mr. Empson seems to strain his analysis. His verbal deductions invariably carry him several stages too far, and the effect of making Gay or Lewis Carroll puzzling is to put us on our guard when Mr. Empson begins to disentangle the real complexities of Donne. But, right or wrong, he is now completely master of his method. *Some Versions of Pastoral* is a more brilliant and less academic book than the *Seven Types*—fascinating to read, impossible to epitomise.

G. W. STONIER

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Here are novels and stories, with a biography as make-weight. I include the latter partly because it may help to relieve the monotony of an otherwise somewhat undistinguished collection; partly because, though not literature itself, *King Lehr* contains literary material that any modern novelist might be glad to purloin. Then, of course, every aggrieved wife is an admirable storyteller. I do not doubt the authenticity of her wrongs as they are retailed by Mrs. Elizabeth Drexel Lehr; but I cannot help admiring the energy, eloquence and gusto with which she has put them on record. Her book is the portrait of an unusual man. Indeed, it is a tribute to Harry Lehr's qualities that, although his widow writes with very little art, his character—not a pleasant character, but one that made it possible for him to exist for many years by the mere exercise of his native charm and shrewdness—stands out from her pages in convincing relief. He married Mrs. Lehr, we are informed, soon after the death of her first husband. Good-looking in the florid yet provocative manner that Boldini had made fashionable, the possessor of an immense fortune in her own right, she was completely captivated by the blonde, plump, smiling, high-voiced, high-spirited young man—so debonair, so exquisitely dressed—whose wit had procured him an entry into the proudest, richest and most "aristocratic" New York houses.

Alas, on the wedding-night he dropped his mask. He hated women, he told her. They were repugnant to him, both physically and mentally. He had married her for her fortune, and her fortune alone. . . . Still, he intended to keep up appearances; he would see to it that she received her due in the *grand monde* of New York and Long Island; and, thereafter, they lived entirely separate lives under the same roof. Harry Lehr had an unerring taste in clothes and supervised his wife's wardrobe with an eagle eye—*need* she wear those shoes? he would hiss vindictively, as they knelt side by side in a fashionable New York church—cultivated the masculine friendships in which he was always most at his ease and played court-jester to the various empresses of New York "society." The young couple went "everywhere," knew "everybody"; and Mrs. Lehr gives a fascinating account of that rococo world, now vanished beyond recall, when money was abundant, privilege was insolent, and Europe was just opening its arms to the strange cavalcade of American millionaires.

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of the supper-room was strewn with rose petals, thousands of orchids were massed in clusters on the walls or wreathed round the necks and arms of "priceless statuary" brought from France; while "all the waiters wore the authentic dress of Louis XVI lackeys." Jewels were as lavish as interior decoration:

> Mrs. John Drexel, "Cousin Alice" . . . wore her priceless pearls set in a wide band which crossed her imposing bosom and down her back like a Sam Browne belt. Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt, having heard that Venetian beauties liked to toy with a single jewel on the end of a chain, decided that it would be even more original to have hers hanging before her feet. So she always progressed to her loge at the Opera kicking a great uncut sapphire or ruby attached to her waist by a rope of pearls.

Through that baroque world, suave, androgynous, invariably good-tempered—at least, when he was not at home—moved Harry Lehr. "I must have beauty, light, music around me," he confided to his private locked journal. "I am like Ludwig of Bavaria, I cannot bear the cold greyness of everyday life. . . ." It is interesting to speculate as to the use that Henry James would have made of this extraordinary puppet—the delicate, yet faintly evasive, art with which he would have pulled its strings; and one imagines how, as delicately but much more brutally, Proust would have played with it, set it in motion, then torn it asunder and exposed the sexual maladjustment that underlay its enchanting social gifts. . . . Beside the hints for a novel provided by Mrs. Lehr, the actual novels on the list seem slightly disappointing. I was disappointed, for instance, with *The Ginkgo Tree*; since I remember reading and enjoying Miss Jarrett's previous book, *Night Over Fitch's Pond*, an ingenious combination of "thriller" and psychological puzzle, which contained a number of exceptionally brilliant portraits. By comparison, her new novel is flat and fussy. The story, moreover, is highly improbable, postulating as it does a series of dramatic conventions that the ordinary reader may find it extremely difficult to stomach. There is the idea, for example, that, if a girl has been "betrayed," somebody will feel it his duty to step into the breach and, firmly and impassively, whether she wishes it or not, make her an "honest woman." Such is the response of Richard Horne, when he hears that his wicked old father has seduced the little girl next door. He is on the point of marrying another young woman; but duty comes uppermost—the duty of sparing his mother's feelings and of protecting Rachel from *her* father when the truth leaks out. He does not explain his conduct to the girl he loves. He marries Rachel and fathers his half-brother. Then sets off for heroic gloom in Paris.

The Ginkgo Tree, nevertheless, has a happy ending. Rachel (who has run away after a short spell of unsuccessful marriage) is the real love of Richard's life; and—most opportunely—mothers being invincibly attracted by their cast-off children, just as the murderer always returns to the scene of his crime, Rachel is hiding in a house across the road. . . . Another convention—one that also affects maternity—is exemplified in Miss Betty Miller's new novel, *The Portrait of the Bride*. A baby makes everything right. But does it? . . . How often have I read novels in which bitter domestic differences are solved, almost instantaneously, by the glimpse of a "tiny head" amid the furbelows of a tasteful bassinet; yet still a doubt remains. Since Rhoda Ingram is so tiresome, shallow, affected and self-conscious on page 1, where we discover her, "hands negligently folded," posed against the cushions of her brocaded sofa, will she be any more sufferable for having performed her primitive animal function and produced a child?

Surely not. Anyhow, *The Portrait of the Bride* is overcrowded with detail in the decorative feminine manner. And, though the book in parts is amusingly written, its strokes of wit tend to lose themselves amid the wealth of accessories—descriptions of furniture, scraps of dialogue, little fragments of bright observation—with which the authoress' prose style is heavily charged. . . . Better, because neater, cooler, clearer, is the effect of *On Approval*, Miss Dorothy Whipple's volume of short stories. Each of these stories has something to say; and, one after another, Miss Whipple draws her drab yet convincing little vignettes of dull, suppressed or neglected human lives. Thus, *The Closed Door* tells of a girl crushed and stultified by selfish elderly parents, who consider that a daughter's place is in the home; while the title-story depicts two middle-class French provincial *pensionnaires* being herded, dumb and patient, towards the marriage market. . . .

The Founder of the House and *Mottke the Thief* are both novels of Jewry. Miss Jacobs has already introduced us to the Gollantz family in its latter-day stage; and in her new novel she pursues this prosperous and cultured clan to its early nineteenth-century source. The book is capable and may be recommended to the special type of reader who likes long, detailed, complex narratives which have been extended to admit a great many closely interrelated characters, all bathed in an atmosphere of primitive patriarchal romance. . . . Personally, I prefer *Mottke the Thief*. Here is a picaresque tale of the fortunes and misfortunes, the squalid childhood and rise to prosperity of a sympathetic, but thoroughly disreputable, Jewish youth. Through slaughterhouse, circus-ground and brothel he works his way up into the light—only to be cast down by the girl he hopes to marry. Mottke is ponce, murderer, beggar and sneak-thief. The background of Polish ghetto-life is extremely vivid. PETER QUENNELL

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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE Slav element, represented by Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff and Dvorak, is sufficiently pungent and exotic to predominate in this month's recordings, though there is otherwise plenty of racial variety. The first two composers contribute symphonies, both in E minor and both of imposing nineteenth-century proportions, which have more than these qualities in common. The Tchaikovsky No. 5, made doubly popular of late years by the Russian Ballet's genial interpretation ("Les Présages"), is here performed by Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra

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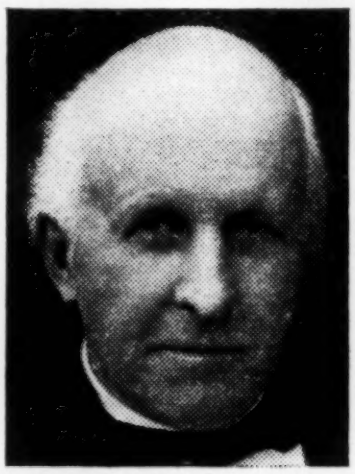

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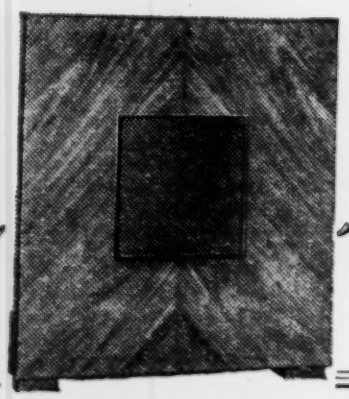

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(H.M.V. 2548–53); it is a noble recording, magnificently sonorous, generally rather slower than ballet-goers are used to, but probably nearer in this to the composer's original intentions. The conception of Fate, and its vanquishing by the power of Love, which Massine's superb choreography has reinterpreted from the necessarily more obscure medium of the music, can also be recognised as the basis of Rachmaninoff's *Second Symphony*, though here the drama is invested with a nostalgic sadness (at any rate in the first and third movements) that is absent from the Tchaikovsky. It is none the less a fine, spacious, romantically melodious work, though the composer's fundamental weakness is shown by the development sections, which are rather clumsy, in a monotonous, piling-up style. Yet the elegiac *Adagio* is really lovely to listen to—perhaps the best thing its composer has done; and the other movements have all the brilliance which is associated with the Piano Concertos. The recording, by Eugene Ormandy and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra (H.M.V. DB2487–92), is at times very good indeed (e.g., in the Scherzo), but at others it seems to fade unaccountably, as if blown away by the wind. Dvorak's *Slavonic Rhapsody No.* 3, performed, with the utmost nervous brilliance, by Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra (Col. LX402–3), does not seem to me to exhibit the composer at his best; but it is never dull, and the ending has real poetry. The fourth side contains the same composer's *Legende*, a pleasant little work in the same style. Equally incisive in performance, musically at once gayer and emptier, is Rossini's *Cenerentola Overture*, played by the Milan Symphony Orchestra under Lorenzo Malajoli (Col. DX704). Those who enjoyed that opera at Covent Garden will want to possess this record. Those, on the other hand (and some exist), who prefer opera in extract form are well catered for by a new recording, by Sir Henry Wood and the Queen's Hall Orchestra, of the *Song of the Rhinedaughters*, from Wagner's *Die Götterdämmerung* (Decca K765–6). The perilous horn passage near the beginning is for once not "bubbled," and the whole performance is sumptuous in the extreme. The solo violin substitutes for the three voices are not wholly satisfactory, but at least they are better than many of the voices we have heard sing these parts. Järnefeldt's perennial *Praeludium* occupies the fourth side. I have left the new recording of Elgar's *Introduction and Allegro for Strings* to the last, because I want particularly to recommend these records to all sections of the public, though there will be few to whom the work is unfamiliar at this time of day. The performance, by the Boyd Neel String Orchestra (Decca K775–6), is good without being very thrilling; the recording is at times rather woolly. But the work is one of Elgar's happiest, most vital inspirations, wonderfully composed, exactly the right length and without a dull moment. It is music for everyone, high or low brow—the kind of music with which to begin the day, in order to induce a mood of happiness and harmony with one's surroundings.

Turning to chamber music, I can thoroughly recommend Emmanuel Feuermann's rendering of Brahm's *Cello Sonata in E Minor*, with Theo van der Pas at the piano (Col. LX404–6). This is the young Brahms, in whom the influence of Mendelssohn is yet clearly discernible; and if this comparatively early work has not the depth of feeling to be found in the later, it is also more mellifluous, less leathery (Wagner's expression) than the latter. It is very finely played by one of the world's best 'cellists, who is too little known in this country. The last remark applied, up to a short time ago, to Edwin Fischer, who now gives gramophone connoisseurs the first opportunity of hearing his view of Beethoven in a recording of the *Sonata in F minor, Op.* 57 (*Appassionata*) (H.M.V. DB2517–9). This is in some ways the record of the month. The sudden transitions from *piano* to *forte*—so characteristic of Beethoven's writing for the instrument—are very finely managed; and though I feel that some passages in the first movement are unduly hurried, to the detriment of the music, there is on the whole no doubt about this masterly rendering of a very great work.

Lovers of Purcell will welcome the news that a Purcell Club is in process of being formed, under the auspices of the Decca company. Its first venture will be a complete performance, on seven double-sided records, of the opera *Dido and Aeneas*, performed by the Boyd Neel String Orchestra, and with such excellent singers as Miss Mary Jarred and Mr. Roy Henderson among the cast. The set, which is announced for November, costs 35*s*. I shall hope to review it before long in these columns. Meanwhile, with the object of whetting our appetites, the Decca company has issued a record of Purcell's *Golden Sonata*, played by Jean Pougnet, Frederick Grinke (violins) and Boris Ord (harpischord). The

performance is a little too heavily accented, but the mellow, *sostenuto* tone of the violins is excellent.

The Force of Destiny is hardly one of Verdi's best operas, but the two arias (" Noch hegt mich " and " Frieden, Ruhe ") which Felicie Huni-Mihacsek has recorded this month are both beautiful and characteristic. The orchestral accompaniment is not up to standard, the solo 'cello phrase at the beginning of the first aria being a dismal sign of the depths to which orchestral playing in general has fallen in Germany to-day (Decca CA8211). The potted version of Weber's *Der Freischütz*, though the recording is not new, is more generally satisfactory. The performance of the Berlin Opera soloists, chorus and orchestra, under Hermann Weigert (Decca CA8132–5), is spirited and much of the singing is very good, especially that of the Polonaise at the end of Act II. The Wolf's Glen scene, complete with ghostly echoes, owls, howling wolves and crashing trees, is tremendous fun.

Amateurs of John McCormack will perhaps wish to acquire his rendering of " *I met an Angel* " and " *Shannon River*," the former a ballad of a conventional order, the latter an obviously Irish tune, quite pretty in the " folk " style (H.M.V. DA1426). Pleasanter to listen to, because less unctuously nasal, is Paul Robeson's singing of " *On ma Journey* " and the famous " *Swing low, sweet Chariot* " (H.M.V. B8372).

Dance records are rather more lively than usual this month. The best of the tunes seems to me to be *I'm in the mood for Love*, played by Paul Whiteman and his band (H.M.V. BD219). Whiteman's versions are always much more fully harmonised and exotically orchestrated than English ones ; but if you prefer a softer, dreamier rendering of the same tune, I recommend that of Leo Reisman and his band (Brunswick RL290). Then *Rumbas on Toast*, a potpourri for piano duet and percussion, played by Arthur Young and Reginald Foresythe (Decca K777), is a brilliant performance of old favourites ; while the second pianist's solo rendering of *St. Louis Blues* (Col. FB1141) is also technically very accomplished. *I wished on the Moon*, sung by Bing Crosby (Brunswick 02070), is an agreeable melody with some unusual progressions. *I ain't got Nobody*, by Cab Calloway and his band (Brunswick 02060), has enormous " go " and an amusingly lunatic " vocalise " ; *The Valparaiso*, by Buddy Rogers and his band (Decca F5681), is quite a good rumba ; while *Music puts me in the Strangest Mood*, by Carroll Gibbons and the Savoy Orpheans (Col. FB1101), is a jazz version of the kind of song that Marie Lloyd used to sing.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 292

Set by Raymond Mortimer

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a poem of not more than ten lines, and preferably not ironical, giving reasons for taking a cheerful view of the future of Europe.

RULES—

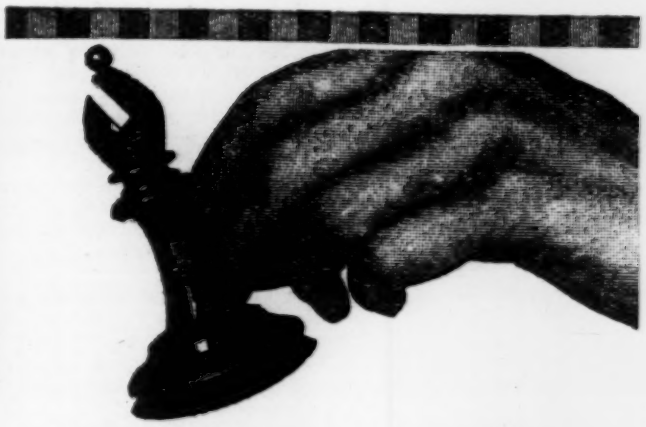
1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, October 25.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 290

Set by Allan M. Laing

The writer who wishes to break fresh ground in the crowded field of detective fiction is always well advised to think up two surprises, if he can : a new type of detective and an original sort of crime. I invite readers this week to assist him. A First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea will be awarded for the best entries consisting of a pen portrait of a really novel and interesting detective hero and an account of the ingeniously surprising crime he is to solve. Not more than 300 words should be used for the double description, which may take any literary form the competitor pleases.



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Report by Allan M. Laing

Surveying the very small entry for this competition, I conclude that readers were shamed from taking part by the withering contempt recently expressed for the detective story by Mr. David Garnett. Those who have braved the blast are, however (their names guarantee it) the cream of competitors. Unfortunately, on this occasion the cream is, as they say in Yorkshire, "cracked." Scarcely anyone has imagined an original detective as well as a reasonably ingenious new crime. "Pancake" and "Socialist Unleaguer" play wittily on the theme of double or divided personality (one detective, in his professional Scotland Yard capacity, being on the point of arresting himself for attempting, in his role of criminal, to murder himself; the other bleeding his own bank account by blackmail). L. V. Upward and Norval both endow their detectives with a "super-canine" nose as a substitute for brains; T. Naisby also favours a non-intellectual type with "expert knowledge of the law of improbability, gained in whole-time preoccupation with Football Pools"; and Stacey W. Hyde introduces "a charwoman, humble and nescient" in the first of nine not-too-good Limericks.

The crimes these detectives are to solve include snake serum poison in tooth-paste; death by tapping the shift key of a typewriter, beneath which is concealed a rubber bubble of poison gas; doctoring a fire extinguisher in a cinema projection room; strangulation with undiscoverable lesions; death on the line and by the knife; and our old friend murder by poisons unknown.

Most satisfactory of the lot is Olwen Lawton's entry: hers is an original and engaging attempt at a new personality, and her crime is at any rate quantitatively novel. But I am sorry I cannot recommend her for a prize, because she has carelessly committed a second crime: exceeding the limit—by a score of words. After all, a limit is a limit.

No other entry, in my view, deserves a first prize, but I recommend H. C. Riddell for second, mainly on account of the amusing and plausible simplicity of his crime. But he has spoilt his "detective" section by introducing the impossible Laughmeter. Below are his entry and Olwen Lawton's.

SECOND PRIZE

The Crime

Solomon Schuffleschnitz was found dead in his office chair one day. He was a theatrical producer and had many enemies. One of these, a comedian (not thought much of by Solomon), had been the last person to see him alive. Albert Smith, the comedian, had been questioned about this interview with Schuffleschnitz; he said he had discussed business with him and had told him a story that had made Solomon laugh. This was corroborated by several persons who had heard the laughter as Smith opened the office door to leave.

Had Schuffleschnitz died naturally? Doctors decided he died of heart failure due to shock. But what shock? After the comedian left him no one visited or telephoned him. That was Schuffleschnitz's mysterious death.

The Detective

Young Ernest Ever worked in a film studio and knew Albert Smith. In his idle hours he attempted to solve the problem of how to allow time for laughs in funny pictures. He had, at length, manufactured a Laughmeter which when told a story registered its laughter value for different types of people.

During his acquaintance with Smith, Ever had heard him complain of Schuffleschnitz and say that one day he would tickle him to death. Ernest concluded that Albert had kept his word and, in fact, had tickled Solomon to death.

So he asked Albert one evening to his home and there begged him to tell the story that had made Solomon laugh; the Laughmeter being concealed behind a curtain set at the "Dull Person" position. Albert told the great story and as the climax was reached there was a whirr behind the curtain and the Laughmeter fell out broken to atoms.

Had the Law any case against Albert Smith? And where had he got the story?

H. C. Riddell

HIGHLY COMMENDED

Kindly, plump, and domesticated, Mrs. Button lives with her husband and three grown-up daughters in a quiet and genteel suburb. Her face positively shines with good humour, and her eyes are always a'twinkle behind their horn-rimmed spectacles. She can turn a light hand to pastry and there isn't a woman to touch her for Hot Pots and Irish Stew. Her husband refers to her affectionately as "the treasure," and her three daughters are forever wheedling some favour out of her. They all, however, imagine that Mrs. Button has no thoughts, no aspirations, beyond her home and family, and no-one would be more surprised (and, indeed, indignant) than they, should you inform them that their mother has on more than a score of occasions been called upon by Scotland Yard to solve exceptionally difficult crimes. Mrs. Button herself would say laughingly that you were "pulling her leg"—for her role of wife and mother is her best and most successful disguise. . . .

The latest mystery she has been asked to solve is that of the "Boarding School Disappearances." A very well-known and fashionable school has for the past year lost two pupils each term in the most inexplicable manner. In every case the boys have disappeared on Sunday morning after chapel—never to be seen again, and their bodies (if they have been murdered) remain unlocated. The school has a staff of one headmaster, six junior masters and three mistresses. It has been ascertained that the crimes are committed by someone inside the school—yet every teacher at the time of the disappearances has a cast-iron alibi. There is a complete absence of motive—all the boys have been noted for their extreme "ordinariness"—but the headmaster is nearly frantic, as parents are hastily withdrawing their pupils from the school and he has been threatened with dismissal unless the perpetrator of the outrages is discovered and missing boys found. . . .

Olwen Lawton

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

Problem 147.—The Bridge Fiends

Shuffleham and Dealaway were arguing in the smoke-room as usual.

". . . and of course," I heard Shuffleham say, "Dummy's hand was black with spades. That didn't worry me, of course. I ruffed the opening lead, making ten tricks in the Heart suit and in Diamonds."

"A curious distribution of suits you had," said Dealaway. "A very unusual one."

"Very," said Shuffleham. "I worked out the odds against this particular suit-pattern." A page torn from his notebook changed hands.

Dealaway, an authority on suit-distribution, glanced with interest at the result of Shuffleham's calculations. "A pity," was his next comment, "that you'd only the one Club. You could probably have made the slam, with a second entry to Dummy."

"Only the one Club?" echoed Shuffleham. "But I hadn't only one Club. My trouble was that the other one blocked the suit."

How many trumps had Shuffleham?

Problem 145.—The Forgetful Savers

(Mr. A. G. Stripp's solution)

In the solution of this problem it is necessary to find a series of twelve three-figured numbers, each having the second and third digits alike, and all divisible by the same single figure, which is, moreover, to be a factor of the sum of the digits of each of the twelve numbers.

Experiment shows that there are twenty such numbers if the figure is 2, thirty if it is 3, six if it is 4, two if it is 5, seven if it is 6, twelve if it is 7, two if it is 8, and ten if it is 9.

The required figure is therefore 7, the twelve numbers are

133, 266, 322, 399, 455, 511, 588, 644, 700, 777, 833, and 966,

and the total number of Stamps purchased by the two members together up to the end of each of the successive months

19, 38, 46, 57, 65, 73, 84, 92, 100, 111, 119, and 138.

Here the successive differences are

19, 8, 11, 8, 8, 11, 8, 8, 11, 8, and 19.

It is now clear that the actual purchases of Stamps were as follows:

In	"The one"	"The other"
January	11	8
February	11	8
March		8
April	11	
May		8
June		8
July	11	
August		8
September		8
October	11	
November		8
December	11	8
	66	72

Thus "the one," who saved 33*s.*, forgot in March, May, June, August, September and November; the other, who saved 36*s.*, forgot in April, July and October.

Problem 144.—From Macbeth to Caliban

A set of Low's cartoons goes to F. E. Salter, 6, Bedale Road, Daybrook, Nottingham.

Seven points are awarded.

Problem 143.—Teddy Bears

Four points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s.* Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

Caliban

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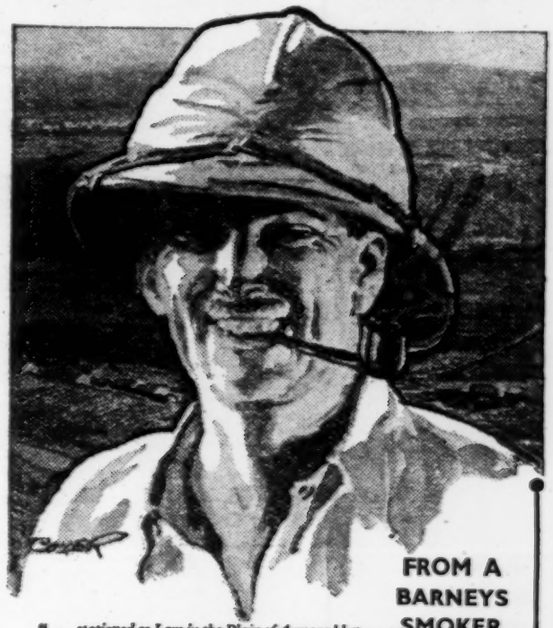
"On the Plain of Armageddon it is difficult to obtain Tobacco at all...."



FROM A BARNEYS SMOKER IN THE PALESTINE POLICE

"... stationed as I am in the Plain of Armageddon, it is very difficult to obtain any Tobacco at all. One day, however, I was fortunate enough to see in a small Arab shop some ½lb. tins of Barneys Tobacco.

"Although I have tried many brands, I have not come across one with the same even smoking and flavour of your Tobacco, and I shall hope to write you in 20 years' time and endorse these remarks.

"I need hardly add that, due to the "EverFresh" vacuum packing, the Tobacco was in a state of freshness that can only be described as amazing."

To the ends of all the Earth Barneys makes its cheery way. This Barneys, which a few short years ago had but a local sale amongst the discriminating smokers around Edinburgh, is *now* smoked and loved wherever white men go.

If *you* are seeking a Tobacco of outstanding goodness, a Tobacco which you can depend upon to give *you*, as the letter above whimsically suggests, a score of years of satisfying smoking, make a trial of "EverFresh" Barneys.

Cool, sweet-smoking, even-burning, never failing in its friendly, *satisfying* charm, Barneys will probably set you up in pipe-joy until the end of your smoking days.

but he gets

Barneys

factory-fresh

BARNEYS IDEAL

In three strengths: Barneys is *medium*, Punchbowle *full*, and Parsons Pleasure *mild*.

In "EVERFRESH" Tins in 1, 2 and 4 oz. sizes: 1/2 the ounce. "READY-FILLS" in Cartons of 12: 1/2d.

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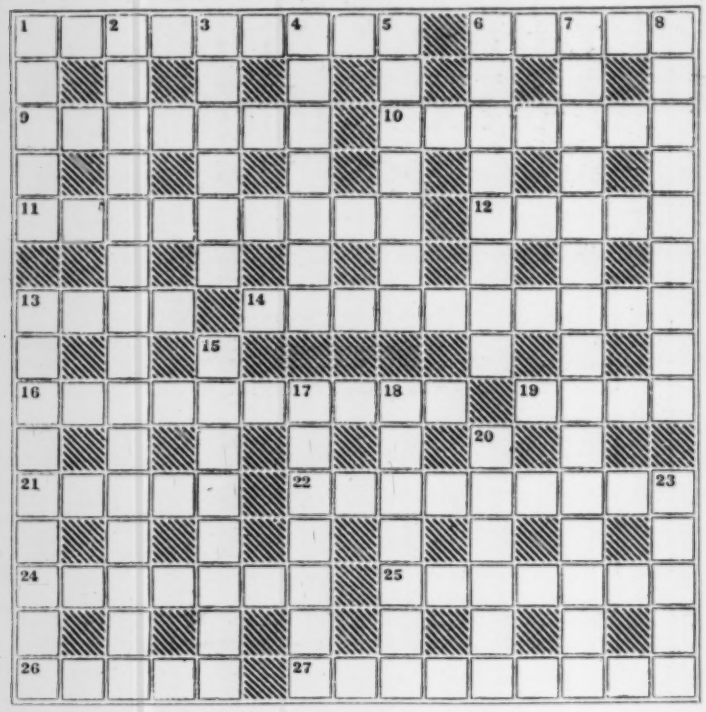
"The best Empire yet".... cool, sweet and satisfying, without harshness or tang.

In 1 oz. "LEADS" and 2 oz. & 4 oz. "EVERFRESH" Tins: 10½d. the ounce. "READY-FILLS" in cartons of 12: 10½d.

Made by John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 293

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
David Rintoul, 12 Forthview Terrace, Edinburgh 4.

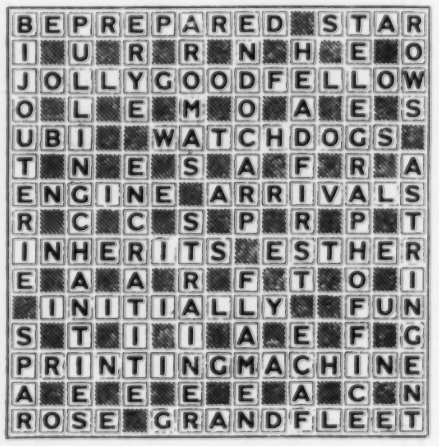
ACROSS.

1. Do they take leading parts opposite to platinum blondes?
6. Roman end of 1 across.
9. Hackneyed precedence.
10. Herod's daughter nearly joined to a sailor.
11. Ships go stem to stern in it.
12. Depreciatory description of self.
13. A 1ft. article of dress.
14. These people might just as well have been called Jacobites.
16. Presumably he never goes to extremes at sea.
19. Fishy pass.
21. Disorderly 7 divide the odds.
22. On my return the pin is mixed up with the gloy.
24. Can be produced in oils.
25. This is nothing to the way one's duties are disorganised.
26. We are attached to the foreign office beyond the Exe.
27. His initials signify right and left.

DOWN.

1. "Peering" attitude of Claud.
2. Lob.
3. The mermaid's mate?
4. Voluntary fetters for Eastern women.
5. A ghostly rite for Hindus.
6. Magazines for the troops.
7. A doubly capital story.
8. A sly smile is without point.
13. How the car set out on the unmade road?
15. Classic home of witches.
17. Take some apple as especially beneficial.
18. Sanction.
20. Fly from it when it gets blue.
23. One puts a lot on it.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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Summer Catalogue Competition

RESULTS:

The following entrants have been awarded a Free Annual Subscription to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION: C. G. Harris, Esq., Scireburne, 22 Tower Road, Rugby; Samuel Carr, Esq., 4 Taviton Street, London, W.C.1; Dennis Hall, Esq., 9 Southwood Lawn Road, Highgate, N.6; Miss S. Cocking, 13 Menrose Place, Clifton, Bristol, 8; A. C. Knights, Esq., 4 Dunoon Road, Forest Hill, S.E.23; Laurance A. Baker, Esq., 51 Kingston Lane, Teddington, Middx.; Miss M. Wallace, 7 St. John's Terrace, Aberdeen. Other awards of six-monthly subscriptions were made and the winners have been advised. The competition was to place ten fiction and ten non-fiction titles from the catalogue in order of popularity.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

TERMS FOR A DEFENCE LOAN—WALL STREET RECOVERING—BRIGGS AND ELECTRIC AUTOLITE—ZINC MANUFACTURING

BANKERS in the City refer to me so often as a "dirty socialist" that I was delighted to read a letter in last week's issue from "a banker" accusing me of being a war-monger and a wicked capitalist. All because I suggested that if this country is to be saddled with a heavy rearmament programme, a short-dated defence loan with a heavy sinking fund would be the least deflationary way of footing the bill. Of course, this question cannot finally be decided until we know the full extent of the bill and the period of years allowed for running it up. I have seen estimates that at least £200 millions would be required for the replacement of obsolete ships without increasing the total strength of the Navy. Another £200 millions would probably be needed for the new Air Force and the mechanisation of the Army before our Chancellor of the Exchequer, so recently converted to the policy of greater public spending, felt safe. But let us take £200 millions. If this sum is to be spent in a few years I see nothing indecent in a loan to be repaid over ten years. The ships, arms and equipment which the loan money would buy are not consumable goods. As they would not wear out quickly their cost could be amortised over a period of ten years without violating the canons of pure finance. A 2½ per cent. ten-year loan might be issued at 99, which would compare not unfavourably with the existing 2½ per cent. Conversion loan which is not repayable finally till 1949. I believe that a "defence" loan could be successfully issued on these terms, for it would not only appeal to the false patriotism of the City but meet the practical needs of the money market, which is short of this type of loan. The yields afforded are shown in the following table in comparison with those of Conversion 2½ per cent. :

		Yields per cent. Redemption.	
	Flat Gross.	Gross.	Adjusted Gross.*
10-year 2½% Defence Loan at 99	£2 10 6	£2 12 3	£2 13 0
Conversion 2½%, 1944/49, at 98⅛	£2 11 0	£2 13 3	£2 14 3

* Gross equivalent of net redemption yield with tax at 4*s.* 6*d.*

* * *

The sinking fund required to repay this 2½ per cent. loan in ten years would be 8.925 per cent. Adding the net interest charge, the total service of the loan would come to approximately £21¾ millions per annum. This would be offset to some extent by the savings in unemployment insurance in the distressed areas where the money would be spent, but it would be as large an addition to budgetary expenditure (and taxation) as one would like to see in a recovery period. A defence loan can be as easily criticised and attacked in the House of Commons as the clauses in a Finance Bill. And nothing would stop my irate banker writing as many letters to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION as the editor would print.

* * *

Professor Laski and Wall Street are poles apart. In the synopsis of a lecture to be delivered by Professor Laski on November 14th at the Friends Hall on "The American Experiment," it is written : "The future of America is dark, because while the organised forces of capitalism know what they want, the forces of the Left are hopelessly divided. Despite President Roosevelt's energy and goodwill, his purposes are likely to suffer defeat." And Wall Street knows it. The lassitude or staleness which had recently marked the American stock markets was finally dissipated this week when the Supreme Court settled down to its new term. Test cases are immediately to be heard which will decide the fate of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration (processing taxes) and the Tennessee Valley Authority. Later on, the Duffey Coal Bill, the National Labour Relations Act, Railroad Pensions, Social Security and the Public Utility Holding Act, will be tested in the Courts and precious little of the New Deal will be left. It is this prospect which has put new heart into Wall Street. A warning from Mr. C. R. Gay, President of the New York Stock Exchange, on the dangers of an inflation of security prices, completed the recovery. The danger, he said, lay in the great mass of idle bank deposits and reserve balances held by member banks with the Federal Reserve. These now amounted to over $5,000 millions, and in spite of the machinery which existed to prevent a "run away" market, Mr. Gay believed that it would be impossible to keep security prices down. Naturally, prices responded to this warning. Wall Street assumed that no effective use of the "deflating" machinery could be made while the Government continued to spend wildly and to unbalance the budget. Mr. Landis, the new chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, which is supposed to keep Wall Street in order, agreed with Mr. Gay's comment so strongly that the market developed almost an "inflation psychology." It is expected that when the new Congress meets a Soldiers' Bonus Bill will be rushed through and the demand pressed for a further devaluation of the dollar to 50 cents gold. Clearly, the unpleasant war scare from Europe is giving place to the very pleasant inflation scare in the minds of Wall Street operators.

* * *

The New York market continues to be highly selective. Automobile, automobile equipment and, more recently, amusement stocks have been the rage. Chrysler, which were recommended in these columns at 37⅝, have now risen to 82½ from a low level this year of 31. Earnings in the first half of the year amounted to $4.31 per share, so that on a prospective earnings' yield basis Chrysler are not yet considered dear, even if the dividend yield is miserable. A purchase of Briggs and Electric Autolite will give an interest in Chrysler's prosperity.

	Low Price 1935.	Present Price.	Current Dividends.	Earnings 6 months, 1935.	Dividend Yield %.
			$	$	$
Briggs Manufacturing	24½	50½	2.50	3.37	4.97
Electric Autolite ..	19½	34⅞	1.20*	1.01	3.44

* Dividends resumed this year with quarterly payment of 30 cents.

Briggs is one of the leading makers of automobile bodies and supplies the main part of the body requirements of Ford and Chrysler. Its British subsidiary, Briggs Bodies, supplies the bodies for Ford in this country. Briggs in America also manufactures sinks and baths so that it has an interest in the building industry. Electric Autolite manufactures starting, lighting and ignition equipment for motors and has a large contract with Chrysler as well as with some of the smaller motor manufacturers. There are personal contacts between Chrysler and Electric Autolite directors and at one time a rumour was current that Chrysler would buy control. Electric Autolite is a more speculative stock than Briggs but it has interesting possibilities.

* * *

A correspondent writes : "Some weeks ago you were recommending Zinc Corporation shares, and since then they have risen considerably in value. Do you still consider them a good purchase?" The answer is in the superlative. When I recommended Zinc Corporation shares the price of lead was £15½ per ton, and to-day it is nearly £19 per ton. In 1934 the average price of lead was only £11 1*s.* per ton. In the same year zinc averaged £13 15*s.* 6*d.* per ton, and is now quoted at over £16. Lead accounts for over half the Company's mining receipts, as the following table shows :

1934 ESTIMATED MINING RECEIPTS.	
49,254 tons of lead at £11 1*s.* 0*d.* =	£534,257
991,685 ozs. of silver at 1*s.* 11*d.* =	94,210
24,696 tons of zinc at £13 15*s.* 6*d.* =	340,187
	£978,654

Apart from the mining revenue the Company's investment income will also be higher this year. On the assumption that lead and zinc prices will be maintained at present levels for the rest of the year, it appears that earnings on the preference and ordinary shares of the Company this year will amount to about 50 per cent., and if these prices are maintained for a full year, to 100 per cent. in 1936. The preference shares of £1 rank for cumulative dividends of 20 per cent. and thereafter rank share for share with the ordinary of 10/-. It works out that up to 40 per cent. the preference shares secure a higher dividend than the ordinary, and above 40 per cent. the ordinary secure more than the preference. If dividends of 40 per cent. were paid this year on both classes of shares—which is possible but must not be regarded as certain—the following yields would be afforded :

	Price.	Last year's Dividend.	Estimated Dividend.	Estimated Dividend Yield %.
Zinc Corporation £1 pref. shares ..	£5 13/16	27½%	40%	£7 12*s.* 6*d.*
Zinc Corporation 10/- ord. shares	52/6	15%	40%	£8 8*s.* 9*d.*

Remember, more lead is consumed in the building trades than in the armament industry.

Company Meeting

HARRISONS & CROSFIELD, LTD.

THE TEA AND RUBBER POSITION

The Annual Meeting of Harrisons and Crosfield, Ltd., was held in London on Tuesday. Mr. Eric Miller, Chairman, presiding, commented on the Company's Balance Sheet, which shows an increase in the already strong liquid position.

Speaking about Tea, Mr. Miller said that the first half of 1935 had been disappointing, but with small arrivals in the United Kingdom, where deliveries were keeping up well, the stock figures were 10 million lbs. less at the end of August than at the same date in 1934. Good quality teas were coming into their own again. Co-operative efforts to expand consumption were a main plank in the functions of the International Tea Committee.

He then turned to the Rubber industry and compared price movements under the present international scheme with those that followed the introduction of the Stevenson scheme and, examining the stock position in general, not merely the London and Liverpool figures at which speculators looked mainly, he estimated that world stocks had declined by over 40,000 tons between the 1st June, 1934, and the 31st August, 1935, whilst invisible stocks in the hands of manufacturers had also declined appreciably. The actual position seemed to him stronger than was generally recognised.

The operations of speculators could not be excluded from the rubber market entirely, and they had played a useful part in helping to carry the heavy over-burden of stocks, but it was most desirable that people who could not afford to see their commitments through calmly should be discouraged from such operations, because any panic on their part would have a temporarily disturbing effect on the industry. The larger manufacturers carry big stocks of crude rubber, and they do not like even temporary depreciation, which may coincide with the date when their stocks have to be valued for balance-sheet purposes.

Some fluctuation was inevitable; in fact, they could not have a free and healthy market in the commodity without it, and he would be very sorry to see the day when there was no longer a living to be earned by reliable brokers and sound merchant dealers in marrying the requirements of the manufacturers for spot or forward positions with the offerings of producers.

The Report and Accounts were unanimously adopted and a dividend of 15 per cent. on the Deferred Ordinary stock, making 20 per cent. for the year, was declared.

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COLISEUM. BALLET Season. W., Th., Sat.
DRURY LANE. Glamorous Night. W. & S.
DUCHESS. Night Must Fall. Wed., Sat.
GAIETY. Ballets Jooss. Wed., Sat., 2.45.
HIPPODROME. Please Teacher ! Th. & Sat.
LYRIC. Tovarich. Wed., Thurs.
PHOENIX. The Unguarded Hour. Thurs., Sat.
PLAYHOUSE. A B'fly on the Wheel. Th., S.
S.MARTIN'S. The Two Mrs. Carrolls. Tu., F.
SAVOY. The Wind and the Rain. Mon., Sat.
STRAND. 1066 and All That. Tu. & Thurs.
VICTORIA PALACE. Vintage Wine. W. & S.
WESTMINSTER. Lady Patricia. Sat.
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Last Night of Ballet Season, Sat., Oct. 26.

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Cornelius. By J. B. Priestley.

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Evenings 7.30.
The Streets of London. By Dion Boucicault.

NORTHAMPTON Repertory.
Evenings 6.30 & 8.50.
Charmeuse. By E. Temple Thurston.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Bache Matthews, 44 Archway Road, London, N.19. ARC 3845.*

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

A Lecture on "TRIAL BY JURY IN MODERN CONTINENTAL LAW" will be given by DR. HERMANN MANNHEIM (formerly Professor of Criminal Law, University of Berlin, and Judge of the Court of Appeal, Berlin) at UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON (Gower Street, W.C.1.) on WEDNESDAY, 30th OCTOBER, 1935, at 5.30 p.m.

ADMISSION FREE, WITHOUT TICKET.

S. J. WORSLEY,
Academic Registrar.

BRITISH SEXOLOGICAL SOCIETY
Opening Meeting, 22nd Session will be held at 34 Red Lion Square, Holborn, W.C.1 (Nat. Sun. League Hall), 7.45 p.m. for 8.0 p.m.
on Tuesday, October 22nd.
DR. C. DE RADWAN, Ph.D.(Vienna), assisted by DR. G. A. PFISTER, M.A., Ph.D. D.Litt. will deliver a Lecture on
"THE PSYCHO-PHONIC TREATMENT OF SEXUAL NEUROSIS."
Illustrated by demonstrations with Dr. de Radwan's Psycho-Phonic Apparatus.
Information from Sec., Brit. Sexological Soc., 4 Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1.

GUILDHOUSE. Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Sunday, October 20th, at 4 p.m., Tea Table Conference: "Social Work in Poplar." At 6.30, The Rev. PORTER GOFF: The Crisis for Peace.

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, October 20th, at 11 a.m.: PROF. F. AVELING, D.Sc.: "THE SOLIDARITY OF SCIENCE." 6.30 p.m., Concert Chamber Music.
Tuesday, October 22nd, at 7 p.m.: MRS. NAOMI MITCHISON: "THE COMING AMERICA." Admission Free. Visitors welcome.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater. Sunday, October 20th, at 11. Mr. H. J. BLACKHAM: "NORMALITY AS AN ETHICAL IDEAL." 6.30. Mr. H. S. POLAK: "THE INDIAN CONSTITUTION AND THE FUTURE."

CONFERENCE

F.P.S.I. AUTUMN CONFERENCE at Digswell Park, Welwyn Garden City, from 16th to 18th November.
Having formed an Arts Group, the F.P.S.I. is ventilating advanced opinion on questions of literature and art at its Autumn Conference.
ERIC NEWTON will explain modern art in his lecture on "THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN ART," ALEC WEST, of Marx House, will speak on "ART IN RELATION TO SOCIETY," and AYLMER REX will put the case for "THE ABOLITION OF THE CENSORSHIP." Tennis, golf, dancing, rambling.
Fees: Sat. tea to Monday breakfast, Members 18s., non-Members £1. Booking fee should be sent to HON. SEC., F.P.S.I., 475 Oxford Street, W.1, not later than Nov. 11th.

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